THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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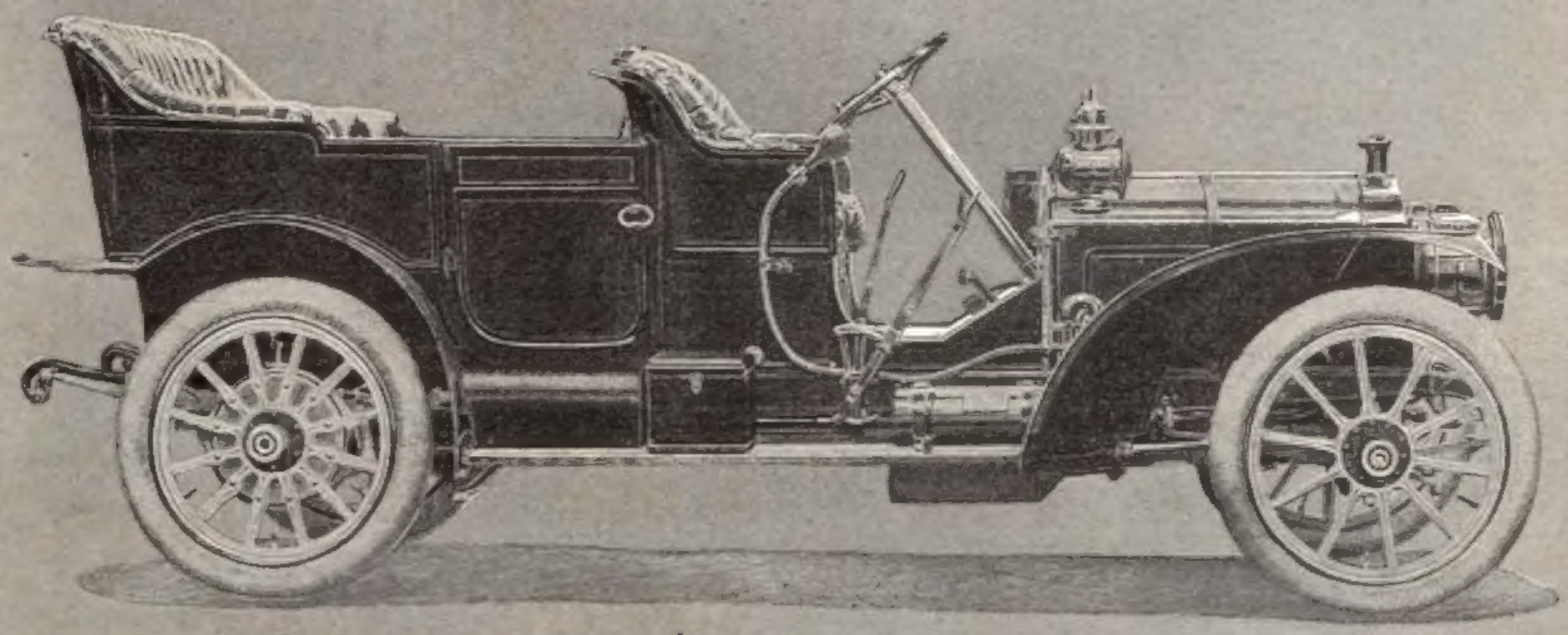
1909



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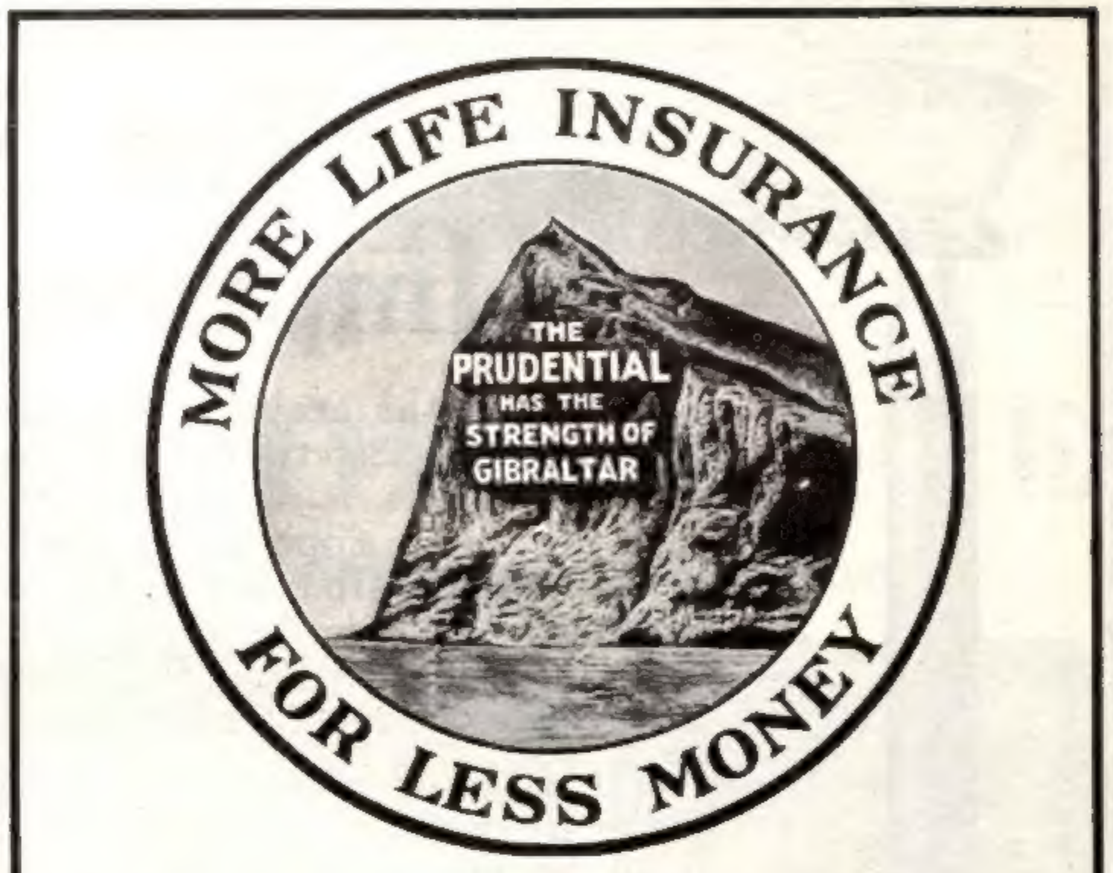

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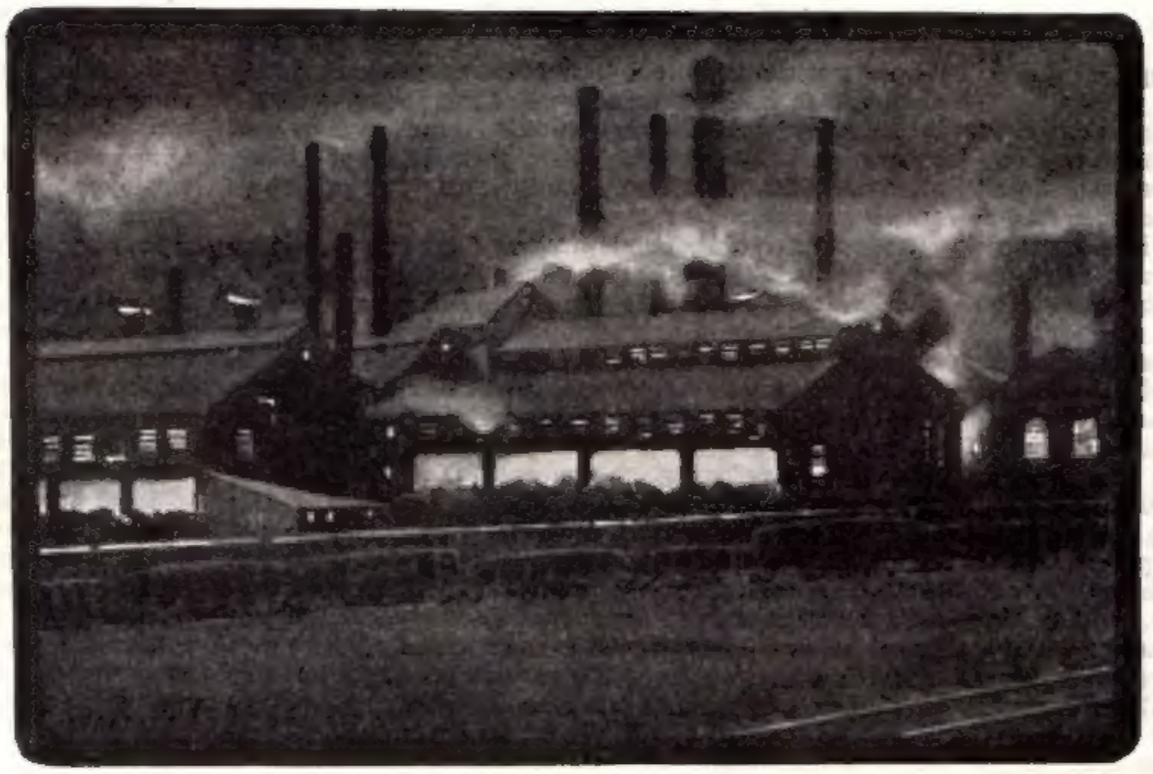
THE CARNAGE OF PEACE

The Levy on Life by Railroads, Mines, Mills and Workshops



By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

IF FIGHTING were as deadly as making phosphorous matches, riding in a locomotive cab, or riveting a girder in a truss two hundred feet in the air, swords would be beaten into plowshares and war abolished. How harmless soldiering is compared with the less picturesque vocations of peace a few readily-grasped comparative statistics will prove.

The recent Asiatic conflict cost in dead and wounded 153,652 Japanese and 180,134 Russians, a bloody total of 333,786. Yet in this country a struggle is raging which the great public never sees, but which outdoes the Russian-Japanese War in blood-letting. Add some two hundred thousand dead and wounded to the three hundred thousand odd casualties which the Russian and Japanese armies were able to inflict on each other, with the aid of weapons especially designed for swift and sure death-dealing, and you have the awful price paid by our railroads, mines, factories and handicrafts in order that we may travel quickly and live comfortably. One man out of every hundred and fifty is marked to lose an arm or a leg, to sustain a greater or lesser injury, or to die. A wage-earner toils constantly in the shadow of death. Every two days we kill more workmen than our troops lost in battle during the war with Spain. In New York city alone about 3500 people, variously employed, come to a violent end every year—more than nine a day. Our industrial system as at present conducted sends a man every minute to the undertaker or the surgeon. Massacre annually every inhabitant in a city of the size of Seattle, Paterson, New Haven or Albany, and you have the equivalent of the 100,000 violent deaths, which, on the basis of statistics collected by the Bureau of the Census for 1906, occur each year in these piping times of peace.

Half a Million Lives Pay the Price Each Year

THE shuddering total of five hundred thousand casualties for an average industrial year fails to reveal the true horror of the fight for civilization and progress. Of all the States in the Union, only eleven have attempted to secure statistics. Wisconsin alone has made it compulsory for physicians to report all injuries and fatalities which incapacitate a man for two weeks and more. It is, therefore, impossible perfectly to picture our blithe disregard of human life. The estimate of five hundred thousand represents a charitable calculation made originally by the New York Bureau of Labor, and since verified by Dr. Josiah Strong, with the aid of records kept by the great liability insurance companies and of data collected as the result of legislation in Wisconsin. That the estimate of five hundred thousand is reasonable the Bureau of the Census is willing to admit. That it is well within the truth is demonstrated by a comparison with the conditions prevailing in foreign countries, where complete statistics are kept. In France, for example, a country where rigid industrial control prevails, 222,124 laborers lost their lives and were hurt in 1905, not including those who suffered in mining and railroad catastrophes. Since we have a population about twice as great as that of France, we have but to multiply the French figures by two in order to obtain 444,248 as the number annually killed and injured in the United States, exclusive of the casualties occurring on our railways and in our mines. If we add to our 444,248 the 80,000 of our railroads and the 12,000 of our mines, we arrive at the staggering total of 536,248 as the probable number of our industrial accidents in a single year. In this calculation we have been assuming that we are as heedful as the French in protecting working-men. Since we are almost as callous in that respect as were the wearied spectators of a Roman gladiatorial combat, it may well be imagined how merciful is this approximation.

Additional testimony that the estimate of five hundred thousand casualties annually is modest may be gathered from the records of the great liability insurance companies. According to a fidelity and casualty company $1,905,515,398 was expended for wages in the United States in the years 1899 to 1903. Under the policies issued on this wage expenditure as a basis there were reported 185,088 accidents. Assuming that five hundred dollars can be safely taken as the average annual wage of each person (which is probably correct), this expenditure of nearly two billion would represent the employment of 3,811,030 persons for one year. Setting this against the accidents, we find that one person in twenty (accurately 1 in 20.59) is injured annually. The total number of wage-earners in all callings is about twenty million. Applying the rate of 1 in 20 to only half this number, for precaution's sake, and we conclude that the annual number of casualties must be at least 500,000.

Cruel Indifference and What it Costs

THE sin of this killing and mutilation fails to strike home because our battles of peace are fought not in a single spot, but from ocean to ocean. A boiler explosion in Omaha may blow twenty men to atoms, but its hair-raising details, fully reported though they may be in the local newspapers, hardly stir a ripple of interest in New York. If we could concentrate in a single day all the industrial accidents of a year the five hundred thousand victims of our cruel indifference would plead eloquently for legislative action. The San Francisco earthquake, which sent a throb of sympathy around the world, would glow white and benign when compared with the red blood of that nauseating imaginary day.

The shame of it all lies in the admission that much of this slaughter is not only unnecessary but a distinct economical loss. It means a diminution of national wealth. Mr. George F. McNeill, now president of the International Underwriters' Association of America, states that in Massachusetts "the loss sustained by fire is about one-half of the total loss (by accident) to both sexes from twenty to seventy years of age in all gainful occupations." On this basis, taking the average of five years, Dr. Josiah Strong places the annual loss by fire at $174,000,000, which means that our industrial bloodshed costs us $348,000,000 yearly. This agrees fairly well with poor-relief statistics. Our charitable institutions place the cost of maintaining a pauper throughout his natural life at about six thousand dollars. If only one in ten of the five hundred thousand victims of industrial accidents is totally incapacitated, it seems that public and private charities are called on every year to contract for the payment of $300,000,000 in the future. Kill a workman and you curtail the productivity of an industry; cut off his arm or destroy his eyesight and you accomplish the same result, besides throwing him on the community for support.

More frightful statistics are furnished by the railroads than by any form of American activity, not because more people are killed on the railroads, but merely because the

Interstate Commerce Commission keeps and publishes a very complete record of the lives that are lost and the flesh that is lacerated in order that we may travel in fast trains. In the year ending June 30, 1907, 5000 persons were killed and 76,286 were injured by our railroads, a stupendous total of 81,286—about twenty-five times as many as the killed and wounded in the 2651 engagements of the Philippine War, lasting three years and three months. We might have carried on that Philippine conflict for eighty years before the carnage of the railroads for a single year would have been equaled.

That much of this death-dealing and maiming is wickedly unnecessary may be inferred from the reduction of accidents on a great railway system immediately following the general introduction of block signals and safety appliances. In 1907 the accident list of this railroad exhibited a total of 1209 dead and injured; in 1906, the number was 2097—figures all the more significant because during 1907 there was an increase of 2.66 per cent. in tons of freight carried one mile on the road, nearly 13 per cent. in passengers carried one mile, more than 10 per cent. in the total train mileage, and nearly 6 per cent. in the total car mileage.

Every Train Exacts the Toll

THE perils of railway travel are increasing instead of diminishing. In 1889, when the Interstate Commerce Commission made its first report, there were in all 704,783 railroad employees, of which army of men 22,000 were killed and injured during the year. In 1905 there were 1,382,196 railroad employees, whose ranks were depleted by 70,194. Stated more simply, this means that, although not twice as many are employed now as there were in 1889, over three times as many casualties occur. Out of every twenty men engaged in railroading, one must die or come to harm. It has been gruesomely computed that a railroad mail clerk stands about twenty chances to one of ending the year with a whole skin. The odds for the engineer in the cab are less favorable. His chances are 9 to 1 that he will not be injured, and 120 to 1 that he will not be killed in a twelvemonth. When he pulls wide the throttle lever in the cab, passengers, conductor, porters, brakemen, baggage handlers, express clerks, the boy who calls out the latest magazines, track walkers, men stationed at crossings and waving red, white and green flags, crews of freight trains sidetracked for a flying express, switchmen and yardmen—in a word, every man, woman and child on the train and on the road is held in the trembling hand of railway destiny. It is not strange that Mr. J. J. Hill, himself a railway official, is reputed to have said: "Every time I undertake a railroad journey I wonder whether it is to be my last." Yet he spoke only from the passenger's standpoint.

Proportionately, we kill three times as many railway employees as English roads kill, and injure five times as many; we kill two and a half times as many and injure five times as many as Germany kills and injures. When Germany has declared that 53 per cent. of her railway accidents are avoidable, despite all her official care, how can we explain away the thousands who are bruised, crushed and killed on American roads?

Clearly, we need some vigorous Governmental supervision. The Interstate Commerce Commission has more than once recommended Congressional action of some kind. The compulsory employment of safety devices is not unprecedented. Indeed, it is because of legislative intervention that the automatic coupler and the air brake are now used on every road. When the automatic coupler was introduced in 1897, the number of accidents due to coupling dropped from 2500 to 1693.

Two Killed, Five Hurt Every Working-Day

LESS complete than the railway reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the records of the coal-producing States at least are sufficiently voluminous to give one a glimpse of the conditions that prevail throughout all American mines. Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, a well-known insurance statistician, has made a special study of coal-mine accidents—a study which leads him to fix the number of coal-miners killed at 2078 for the year 1906, and the number for the decade ending 1906 at 16,273, with the grim reservation that these latter figures fall short by several thousand of the actual number killed. He ventures the opinion that "with the reasonable attention to approved methods of safeguarding the lives of coal-miners, a rate of 2 per 1000 should not be exceeded in the United States. According to earlier returns such a rate was seldom exceeded in the past, and for illustration, in 1897, out of 19 coal-producing States, nine returned a fatality rate of 2 or less per 1000." The fatal accident rate of 3.16 per 1000 for the entire coalfield in 1906, and 3.44 per 1000 in 1905, seems to bear out John Mitchell's assertion that, in the anthracite mines alone, two are killed and five injured every working-day in the year.

All this is not wholly due to the spectacular cave-in, whose thrilling details fill columns in the newspapers until the men are rescued alive or their limp bodies dug out for their families to identify and bury; nor is it due even to fire damp or the foolish handling of dynamite. The changed methods of mining, the employment of illiterate foreigners, the antiquated mining laws, the greater depth at which mines are now worked, the introduction of coal-cutting machinery, the great haste in producing coal, and lastly, sheer carelessness on the part of the miners themselves, have all combined to pile up the dead.

In the annual report of the chief inspector of mines for Ohio, George Harrison, for the year ending December 31, 1906, we find this serious indictment: "Indisputable evidence is gathered that a very large percentage of accidents is due to the indifference of mine bosses and superintendents as to the safety of employees, and in some cases it is very questionable if it does not amount to culpable or criminal negligence. It may also be said that the suicidal recklessness and the undisciplined, unsustainable actions of employees is another fruitful source from which many accidents are directly or indirectly traceable. Many mine bosses and superintendents, while realizing and admitting that it is their duty to see the working-places of the miners at least every alternate day or oftener, and to examine them properly and look to the safety of men in all parts of the mine, will frankly acknowledge that they do not do so, and that on account of their being absorbed in the eager race of competition to produce more and cheaper coal than their neighbor, their duties of looking after the interior of the mine and the safety of employees are secondary considerations."

As a matter of economic necessity ignorant foreigners must be employed in the mines, because thoroughly skilled men cannot be obtained in sufficient numbers. The difficulty can be avoided by education and intelligent supervision. On this point the words of John E. Roderick, Chief of Mines of Pennsylvania, are illuminating:

"Who is responsible for this great loss of life? The reports of the inspectors show clearly that over fifty per cent. of the employees, especially the miners and loaders, are men who cannot understand the language of this country and are ignorant of the dangers that surround them. It would be a most humane act if the foreigners could be prevented from working in the mines until they have acquired at least the rudiments of the English language, unless they can be put to work with competent men of their own nationality. It is my opinion that a foreman who allows incompetent foreigners to work together who do not understand the English language should be held guilty of manslaughter in case of fatal accident to any of these men. The dangers cannot be entirely eliminated; but they can be lessened greatly if the common and well-known precautions are taken."

The Cost of Coal in Flesh and Blood

COMPARISON with the corresponding European conditions again brings home our culpable indifference. Briefly, there are twice as many fatalities among American coal-miners as among English, the proportion being 2.64 here to 1.27. Fifty years ago five men in every thousand perished in English mines. The introduction of safety appliances and a more vigorous governmental inspection have reduced that ratio to 1.40.

That our Government is at last stirring is evidenced by the investigations which are now being conducted for the United States Geological Survey under the direction of Mr. J. A. Holmes. The Survey has begun a series of striking experiments for the purpose of definitely ascertaining the safety of the various powders and dynamites discharged in the presence of fire damp and coal gas. Explosives able to withstand the tests will be branded "permissible explosives" and their use will be urged. English miners, however, are compelled, and not merely urged, to use "permissible explosives." They are also restricted to a limited charge. In our coal-mining States protective regulations for the use of blasting materials are few. Indeed, in many States no attempt is made to control the kind of powder employed. Belgium supports the most admirably-conducted experimental station. The work there performed consists largely in studying gases issuing from an abandoned mine. In a test of safety lamps at the Belgian station, performed for Mr. Clarence Hall, one of our Survey officials, it was demonstrated that the lamp commonly found in American mines is the most dangerous made, because it is unable always to prevent ignition of the gas. A self-igniting lock lamp made in Germany proved the best.

Besides the study of powders and gases, the United States Survey is also testing rescue apparatus. Sometimes the men who succumb to gas explosions could be saved if a rescue party was able to reach them immediately.

So far we have glanced only at the coal mines. The list of dead is further swollen if we add the depressing tolls of iron, copper, gold and silver diggings, and of the stone quarries. But how many we may add no man can say with certainty. Some time ago John Mitchell, while president of the United Mine Workers, stated that coal-mining was no more dangerous than other forms of mining. Thirty States of the Union are mining States. Of these, fifteen keep records of their dead and injured miners. In these fifteen States 5986 miners were killed in 1904; in the other fifteen, Mr. Mitchell estimates the killed at 2000, the maimed at 4000. In an average year 11,968, or roughly 12,000 men, will either die or come to harm in the iron, gold, silver, copper, lead and coal mines and in the quarries of the United States.

When we leave the railroads and mines and begin to search for casualties in factories we tread on less certain ground. Imperfect as they are, mining statistics are commendably full when compared with the dearth of similar information obtainable for other callings. We can only approximate, carefully avoiding any tendency to magnify a condition in itself sufficiently terrible, and basing our conclusions, so far as possible, on facts.

One Hundred Thousand Yearly Mangled in Mills

SOME of these facts were unearthed in 1899 by the New York Bureau of Labor. The Bureau noted as fully as possible the accidents which occurred in a space of three months. It was only a spasmodic attempt. Its findings are so imperfect that no very trustworthy theory can be built upon them. Yet that all too brief investigation, hampered as it was by factory proprietors who sought to conceal the true conditions, revealed 1847 injuries sustained during the three months in question by 452,435 employees. It may be assumed, therefore, that in the entire year 7388 operatives must have been mangled by machinery, a rate of 16.33 per thousand. Defective as these statistics are, defective because the accident rate in some dangerous trades was preposterously lower than the rate in comparatively safe vocations and because many accidents were never reported, at least they afford a basis for the computation of casualty statistics for the mechanical and manufacturing industries of the United States. According to Mr. Arthur R. Reeve, it would follow from the New York Bureau investigation that, if the proportion of 16.33 per thousand is to be maintained throughout the country, 115,000 accidents must occur every year among the 7,000,000 men and women employed in the manufacturing and mechanical trades alone. In order to check this figure Mr. Reeve has compared it with the statistics gathered in foreign countries where rigorous Government control of factories prevails. Taking Germany, for example, where these things are ordered with true Teutonic thoroughness, and placing the very exhaustive figures to be found in German reports side by side with this estimate of 115,000, we find that it is ridiculously low. In Germany the ratio of deaths is 38.3 per thousand, despite the greater precaution taken to safeguard the workman, and despite Government control. Evidently the New York Bureau's ratio of 16.33 per thousand for a country where few care how many are torn by machinery, a rate much higher than 38.3 per thousand must surely prevail. It is incredible that a difference in favor of New York can exist. Indeed, the figures for railways and mines where something like accuracy prevails point to the contrary.

Caught in Machinery

OF THE accidents which play the greater part in this ghastly tragedy of modern industry, perhaps that which is popularly known as being "caught in machinery" takes the leading part. At all events, Mr. Reeve estimates that 30 per cent. of the factory accidents are of this nature, basing his statement on a record of 612 accidents.

Read the reports of any State in which factory inspectors are employed, and you will find shocking incidents in plenty. In Rhode Island's report of factory inspection for 1907 several pages are filled with pitiful chronicles.

These hideous incidents are drawn from the textile trades. They find their counterpart in any mill where moving machinery is employed. Only too frequently a factory is a torture chamber where blood is coined into dollars. A belt in a machine shop snaps; the broken end may lash a man like a whip, as it flies off the pulley. Yet belts can be protected. The fly-wheel of an engine overworked far beyond its capacity in order that factory machinery may do more work bursts with the effect of a 12-inch shell loaded with a high explosive. A partial and incomplete record for 1906 showed 17 men killed and 35 seriously injured from this cause alone in 77 such explosions. A parallel to accidents of this nature is to be found in the explosion of boilers crammed with steam to the bursting pressure. A little paper called the Locomotive has kept a record of such accidents. It found that in 1905 383 persons were killed and 505 injured in the United States by boiler explosions alone. It furthermore adds the significant statement that the number of killed in the United States should not exceed forty a year, whereas the total roll is ten times that number. When it is considered that the population of America is not fifty per cent. greater than it is in Great Britain, and that the average for the last twenty-two years in that country is 28 killed and 60 injured, it would seem that even 40 a year is

(Continued on Page 31)

THE BEGGAR AT YOUR GATE

By Charles Belmont Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. R. GRUGER

IT WAS one of those late afternoons in spring when the sky looks like a great turquoise and the air is filled with a wonderful golden haze. Switching a light bamboo stick, his eyes smiling from sheer good health, and his soul at peace, the young man swung from the gay, crowded avenue to the quiet of the side street. There was little chance at this hour that Arthur Keveney would be at home, but the fact that Keveney owned an automobile made the few steps easily worth the while.

But to the surprise and delight of young Latham, the elevator boy "believed" that Keveney was at home and Keveney's servant confirmed the suspicion. Latham found his friend stretched out in a deep chair before the open hearth, his feet resting on the brass fender.

The visitor leisurely laid his hat and cane on the table. "Hello, Arthur," he said, pulling at his gloves, "why so gloomy?"

Keveney continued to gaze moodily into the fireless hearth. "Oh, is that you, Ned?" he asked.

"I've got a great idea, Arthur. Have you anything on for to-night?"

Keveney turned his foot on the fender and gazed at his silk-clad ankle bone with much the same interest that he would have regarded a piece of toasting bread.

"I don't know," he sighed. "I really don't know. I promised mother to go out to dine with her at Mamaroneck to-night, and that means that Helen Martin is coming to dinner, too."

Latham lit a cigarette and leaned against the mantel with his back to the fireplace so that he looked down on his friend.

"Sort of hard on the girl," he said. "Is that her only diversion?"

Keveney nodded. "It's bad enough for her to have to spend the winter in the country with a sick aunt, but to be brought over to our place in the hope that she and I will fly into each other's arms is a little too much."

"Such a nice girl, too," Latham said. "Why don't you?"

Keveney partially roused himself from his lethargy. "Why don't I marry Helen Martin? Because, in the first place, she probably wouldn't have me if I asked her, and in the second place, I don't want to marry anybody. If I wanted to marry, as a general proposition, I should certainly try to marry Helen Martin. She has beauty and brains and a great deal of charm and very few relatives — in fact, everything a wife should and should not have except money, and I've got all we need of that." Keveney pulled himself up to the edge of the chair and began a tirade to the fire-dogs. "But why should I marry? Look at these rooms—best bachelor apartment in New York. If I married I should have to have a whole house on the east side of Central Park and a big place in the country, and I'd have about one hundred servants to look after. Now, I have one man—and he's not a real man ——"

"I think Simmons is a very good man," Latham interrupted.

"Of course, he's a good man—no better—but that's because he's not human, just a machine. I've had Simmons for years and I don't even know if he's married. He may have a family of thirteen boys, for all I know. And that is another thing against marriage. Just think of the responsibility of children—picking out governesses and schools for them, and, when that's over, you've got to pick out colleges, and then you've got to pick out clubs and wives and husbands for them. That settles it—I will not dine with mother and Helen to-night. Why should I even run these chances? What was your idea?"

"My present idea is that you should go to Mamaroneck and take on a little responsibility."

Keveney shook his head. "No," he said, "absolutely no. What was your other idea?"

"My other idea," said Latham, proud of having done his duty and smiling with apparent pleasure at the thought, "is rather new. Quite a spirit of adventure about it. Do you remember Paula Le Roy—show-girl for a time last winter at the Casino?"

Keveney nodded. "Even her name sounds like an adventure. What's the matter with Paula?"

"Vaudeville—going into vaudeville."

"Think of that! Isn't that a rather serious step for a pleasure-seeking blonde? She *was* blond?"

Latham was becoming a little annoyed and showed it. "Certainly, she was and is blond," he snapped, "and she is ambitious and wants to get out of the show-girl class. She has a very serious side to her."

Keveney sat back in his chair and resumed his former position of complete ease. "Ned," he asked, "did you ever call in a specialist for that trouble of seeing only

"Moonlight"

the serious side of these butterflies of stage? Really—it's growing on you."

Latham disregarded this last remark and with an unusual show of enthusiasm continued. "Now, vaudeville is not so easy as some people think. A girl has to get new songs, have them orchestrated, buy special clothes, hire a leader for a week or two until she gets easy, and then she has to find an engagement at some out-of-the-way place where she can try her act on for a week and where the managers can see her. Now, Paula Le Roy has got an engagement down at a little town on the end of Staten Island. She opens to-night, and I thought it would be rather good fun to run down and see her and then bring her back to supper. No?"

Keveney looked up at Latham, drew in his lips and slowly shook his head.

"I've heard of men going to Borneo to search for an orchid, and I actually knew a chap who went to some hot alkali district out West to dig for the hind leg of a mastodon; but going to see a lady, a lady named Paula Le Roy at that, make her début in vaudeville on Staten Island has Peary, Nansen, the Duke of the Abruzzi and all the other explorers beaten a mile. When do we start?"

. . . . . .

It was well past eight o'clock when Keveney's glistening automobile drew up in front of the Palace Theatre, and the welcome accorded it by a throng of small boys and half-grown loafers was as sincere and boisterously enthusiastic as the unique occasion demanded. Mrs. Springer, wife of the manager of the Palace Theatre, as well as its treasurer and ticket-seller, saw the approach of the automobile from afar and hurried from her glass box-office to the curbstone to welcome her guests from the metropolis. She was a stout, square-built woman, who wore gold-rimmed eyeglasses and smiled continually. "Glad to see you, gentlemen," she puffed. "Miss Le Roy said you were coming. Walk in."

Keveney suggested paying for their admission, but the manager's wife only laughed at the idea and bowed them through the little door and past the old man who was taking tickets. The place had been built for a skating-rink, and, although fairly clean, was bare and very dismal looking, and the air was close and stuffy and ill-smelling. The narrow hall was crowded, and at the far end through the dim light the newcomers saw a small stage where moving pictures were being shown. Below the stage there was a man playing a piano.

"I've got to go back to my box-office," Mrs. Springer explained, "and sell tickets for a while. Will you come in with me, or will you watch the show and wait for Miss Le Roy's turn? Such a sweet, pretty thing she is, and a wonderful dresser—and to come all the way over to Staten Island to try on an act. It's too bad Adolph isn't here to look after you, but he's playing the piano for the moving pictures. There are seats reserved for you down in front."

Latham decided that he wanted to see the moving pictures and hear Adolph play the accompanying music, but Keveney accepted Mrs. Springer's invitation and followed her into the little box-office. While the manager's wife sold tickets to a few boys who had been waiting for her return the young man climbed up on a high stool and looked curiously about the walls at the ticket racks and the many signed photographs of past and present favorites of the vaudeville stage.

The little line at the box-office window soon came to an abrupt end, and, with no more money in sight, Mrs. Springer turned to her guest and beamed on him through the gold-rimmed eyeglasses. "Not much of a theatre, I suppose you're thinking," she said.

Keveney raised his hand in protest.

"Oh, I know," the woman said. "Adolph and I worked on Broadway long before we came here. We didn't always live on Staten Island; no, indeed."

"But you like it?" Keveney asked.

The woman picked up a pack of stiff pasteboard tickets and let them run slowly through her pudgy fingers, so that they formed a little pile on the glass window-ledge. With her eyes still on the tickets, she smiled and nodded.

"Yes, we like it—pretty well. It isn't just the life we were accustomed to, you know. Adolph was a piano-player for a music-publishing house and I used to compose a little—and play, too. I wrote 'Mated and Parted,' and 'Gone Astray.' Yes, I wrote 'em both—words and music. You didn't know that when I first met you, did you?"

Keveney shook his head.

Mrs. Springer shoved one of the pasteboard tickets through the little opening in the window and tossed a quarter into the money box. "But there is more money in this," she went on, still smiling. "It would be all right for Adolph and myself over there. The white lights and Broadway were good enough for us, but there are three kids growing up and they've got to be looked after, and then the air over here is much better for them."

"But you and your husband come to New York very often?" Keveney asked.

The woman shook her head reflectively. "Not so often. You see it's something of a jaunt. There's the railroad to St. George and the long ferry ride and the trip uptown. It takes time, and we give two shows a day, and there's generally a rehearsal in the morning—and then it's hard to get help here, sometimes, so I often have to do the scrubbing. We try to keep the place clean. Go look for yourself." And Mrs. Springer smilingly pushed back the door that opened into the theatre. "Your friend will be missing you. Come out after the intermission and Adolph will take you back of the scenes. I want you to look us over thorough, and see what a good housekeeper I am."

Keveney joined Latham in the front row, and in a desultory way watched a lightning-sketch artist draw caricatures of public men on a blackboard, and as a finish to his act the artist did a drawing with color crayons of a lake scene in the mountains and labeled it "Moonlight." He was a middle-aged man, with a shiny frock coat which was very short and altogether too tight, and his trousers were too short, too, and bagged at the knees. When he had finished "Moonlight" he glanced down at the two well-dressed young men in the front row and made a funny little formal bow to them in response to their applause, which was perhaps more vigorous than the picture seemed

Gussie

to deserve. After the lightning-sketch artist had disappeared from view, a sheet was lowered and Elaine Audobon, a slight, hollow-cheeked girl, with short straw-colored hair and her waist decorated with a mass of cheap jewelry, took her place at the side of the stage and sang sentimental ballads, which were illustrated by highly-colored pictures thrown on the sheet. Miss Audobon was followed by a Spanish dancer, who, clad in a very frayed and very soiled scarlet dress, stamped her red satin slippers and twisted and gyrated about the stage, which was all too small for the purpose. When the dance was over, Springer, the manager, arose from the piano, which was accepted by the audience as a sign that the first part of the performance was at an end.

Keveney and Latham followed the general exodus to the door, where they found Mrs. Springer and Adolph waiting for them.

"I'd like to take you back of the scenes," the manager said after the visitors had expressed their formal appreciation of the performance. "It'll strike you as funny after those Broadway theatres."

The young men found that this particular "behind the scenes" was a very small space divided from the rest of the hall by some cheap drapery thrown over a canvas partition; the stage was a platform of rough boards, and the only dressing-room, which was devoted to the women, was a flimsy affair made of scantling and reaching but half-way to the smoke-begrimed ceiling. Miss Paula Le Roy, looking particularly beautiful and regal and entirely out of place in an exquisite creation of lace and chiffon, topped by a wonderful hat of flamingo-pink tulle, stood as far apart from her fellow-artists as the very limited space would permit. The Spanish dancer and the young blond girl, who had sung the illustrated songs, had retired to the dressing-room, but the cartoonist stood leaning against the edge of the platform. At his side there was a short flight of broad steps leading to the stage and on these two women sat. One was young and pretty, with bright, smiling eyes, full lips, a well-rounded throat, and a plump, well-turned figure. The other was very much older, with a face that, in comparison to the young woman, seemed particularly hard, and yet the two were unmistakably sisters. The elder was dressed in the clothes of a boy. Over the thin, flat-chested, narrow-hipped figure she wore a black velvet coat and knickerbockers, black stockings and low dancing shoes. The younger, and pretty one, was dressed as a girl in a low-cut bodice and short skirt of cheap yellow satin. At the appearance of Latham and Keveney the two women and the cartoonist stopped talking and the younger girl smoothed the short yellow skirt farther over her knees. The space was so small that every one was within a few feet of every one else.

Miss Le Roy shook her head dismally at her friends and glanced at her gown of cobweb texture and then at the very rough surroundings. The ex-show-girl at once began an earnest whispered conversation with Latham, and Keveney followed the manager to the little group at the steps.

"Mr. Keveney—that's right, isn't it—Keveney?"

Keveney bowed.

"I want you to shake hands with the Lazelle Sisters." The younger girl rose and held out her hand.

"This is Miss Mae Lazelle," and then the manager turned to the sister still sitting on the steps—"Miss Mettie Lazelle. Two splendid little dancers, as you'll see later. This is Mr. Marshall Doyle, the lightning-sketch artist you saw in the first part."

"What name, please?" the artist asked, putting his hand to his ear. "Didn't quite get it. Just a little trouble in this left ear."

"Keveney," the manager said, raising his voice—"Keveney."

The cartoonist nodded. "Good old name—any relation to the Keveneys of Yorkshire. I'm a Yorkshire man myself. My father often used to hunt with the Keveneys. I wasn't in this business always—bless your soul—no."

Miss Mae Lazelle glanced from the cartoonist to Keveney, and, with a smile of understanding, stifled a yawn.

It was not often the cartoonist met young men of the great world and so he hurried on. "You seemed to like that sketch, 'Moonlight.' I suppose I've drawn that picture a thousand times, but I thought I did it pretty well to-night—rather better than usual. I sold the original of that picture, in oil, for twenty pounds. Pretty good pay, eh?"

"Splendid!" Keveney answered. "I should think it would have paid you better to stick to oil."

The cartoonist scratched his chin and then slowly shook his head. "Too uncertain," he said; "all right when I was a young blade, but when you marry a woman used to all the luxuries in the world you must look for the sure money."

"Is your wife English, too?" Keveney asked, with polite interest.

"Indeed she is that—never been to America in her life."

"I Wrote 'Mated and Parted,' and 'Gone Astray'"

The two women and Keveney looked up suddenly. For a moment the older woman, with pursed lips and smiling eyes, continued to stare at him. "And you support her over there?" she asked—"send her money?"

The man looked at the woman and then at the others in evident surprise. "Send her money? Of course I send her money—for twelve years and never a sight of her. But I married her, didn't I? I hold out ten dollars a week for myself—clothes is extra—and I send her the balance."

Mae Lazelle shook her pretty head and smiled broadly at Keveney and then at the cartoonist.

"You're a good thing," she said; "for sure, you're a good thing."

The man smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "That's right," he said, "that's right. I'm a good thing as you say, but—but, well, I like it."

"Do you stop out here," Mettie Lazelle asked, "or do you go to town every night?"

"Oh, it's the big town for me," the artist chuckled. "There's always something doing there. It's a tough trip, but the only restaurant here is not up to the standard, eh? I saw you there after the matinée to-day."

Mettie Lazelle shook her head at the memory. "Did you try that mutton?" her sister asked. "It certainly had got by the age limit, all right."

Springer turned to Keveney and laughed. "These Broadway artists get awful particular when they play Staten Island. Will you come out in front? I'm going to beat the box again."

Keveney and Latham returned to their seats and watched another series of moving pictures, while Springer pounded out an *olla podrida* of marches, ragtime melodies, waltzes and apparently anything that came into his head. Then with high, metallic voices the Lazelle sisters sang several coon songs, ending with an old-fashioned clog dance, and Miss Le Roy followed with what the program announced as "the most refined musical act on the vaudeville stage." The object of their outing was over, and as there seemed to be no particular reason for the two young men to remain they left their seats, and having paid their respects to Mrs. Springer in the box-office went out to the sidewalk.

"Whew!" Latham sighed. "Wasn't it awful? And to think of breathing that kind of air twice a day, and all the year round, at that!"

Keveney nodded his head and drew a long breath of the pure, fresh air into his lungs. "Awful!" he said. "It's bad enough to come over here in an automobile for one mad night, but just imagine those Lazelle girls making the trip to this forsaken village every day, rain or shine, and going back at night."

"And not going back to much at that, probably," Latham added.

"Springer told me that he gave thirty-five dollars for the pair of them, and you can't live very near the centre of the town for that—not New York town, anyhow."

The two young men climbed into the waiting automobile, lighted their cigars, and proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible until the arrival of Miss Le Roy.

It so happened that the ambitious show-girl and the Lazelle sisters left the stage-door at the same time and as a result reached the sidewalk together. Miss Le Roy stopped for a moment to wish her sisters in art good-night, and Keveney and Latham got out of the car and joined the little group.

"Why not let us take you over?" Keveney suggested to Miss Mettie Lazelle. "I wish you would—there's lots of room for all of us."

The girl looked up at him as if she doubted that he was quite in earnest, and then smiled and held out her hand. Even if she had met few men like Keveney and Latham, she knew the type just as well as she knew the Paula Le Roy type, and just as well as she knew that there was nothing in common between their lives and the lives of a pair of hard-working, underpaid girls who did a sister act in cheap vaudeville houses.

"Thank you very much," she said, "but I think we'd better run for the cars." The woman took her sister's arm, and, nodding to the group, started to go, but Keveney blocked her way. In the dull light of the street lamps the younger woman looked even fresher and prettier than she had when she was made up for the stage, but the face of Mettie Lazelle was drawn and the eyes looked tired and there were heavy rings under them. From the bleached hair to the worn shoes, the poverty of the woman's clothes as well as her body seemed to cry out for sympathy. Keveney turned to the younger woman.

"Won't you make your sister come?" he urged.

"Come on, Mettie," the girl said. "Don't pretend you don't like automobiles just because you've never been in one. A regular chauffeur could never find our joint, but the gentlemen can drop us at the Subway. Please let's go for a ride, Mettie."

A moment later Mettie Lazelle was reluctantly crowded into the back of the automobile, while Mae sat next to Keveney, who drove the car. To the boisterous farewells of Mrs. Springer the automobile shot out into the darkness, and the girl by Keveney's side clasped her gloveless hands, uttered a sigh and settled back into the leather seat. "It's great, ain't it?" she whispered. "I always sort of knew I'd like it."

Keveney nodded and smiled at the pretty face. The night breeze had already brought a flush to the pale cheeks and was blowing little wisps of brown hair across the eyes grown big with excitement.

"I'll let her out," he said, "as soon as we get beyond the town."

"Sure," she said. "I'd like to go real fast—once."

In the distance they could see the lights of a train on its way to St. George. The girl raised her small, soiled hand and shook it at the passing cars. "Not to night," she laughed, "not to-night."

"I should think that it would be much easier for you," Keveney said, "to live here rather than to take the trip over every day, especially as you have to come so early for the matinées."

The girl did not answer at once, but looked back at her sister, who was talking earnestly with Latham and Miss Le Roy.

"Yes," she said, "it would be better—a whole lot better. The boarding-houses aren't all bad in these small towns and it would save the travel at night—that's the fierce part of it. But Mettie has a flat in New York that she takes by the year, and so whenever we play in the neighborhood it's a good deal cheaper for us to run in."

"After all," Keveney said, "it's pretty good to have some place called home, isn't it?"

The girl glanced up at the young man and then out at the long shaft of white light before them. "Yes, I guess that's right," she said, and then, lowering her voice to almost a whisper: "Mettie got married when she was—oh, awful young and she has a son—Gussie. He lives in New York and Mettie really keeps the place for him. It's more of a home for Gussie, you see, than Mettie and me. Of course, we're on the road a lot."

"I understand," Keveney said. "How old is Gussie?"

"Gussie? Gussie's eighteen, I reckon, but then he's the one man in the family, and of course being Mettie's only child ——"

"How about the father?" Keveney interrupted.

The girl smiled. "Mettie's husband? He quit early in the game. He was a bad one, all right."

"I beg your pardon," Keveney said; "I had no idea."

Miss Lazelle shrugged her shoulders. "Don't mention it. How could you have any idea? Mettie's all right. She has the kid and she hasn't time to worry over a husband. It takes all we can make to buy Gussie a home and cigarettes and keep him dressed up like a prince."

"I don't know much about the business," Keveney said, "but I should think that you could make more money in comic opera. No?"

"Meaning me?" and the girl pointed to herself, "or the team?"

"Why—you, I suppose."

Once more the girl glanced back at her sister, and then leaned over against Keveney. "Last spring, when we were working with a combination, I was offered fifty a week to go with a Chicago summer show. Fifty per for little Mae, would you believe it?"

"Fine!" Keveney said. "Didn't you take it?"

The girl looked up with wonder in her eyes.

"Take it?" she repeated. "Take it, and split the sketch and tell Mettie that she was a has-been—that her pipes were rusty and her shape was shrunk, and that her poor, dear face had too many lines worried into it? Tell

her to go back to New York and sit in the flat and fold her hands and wait for remittances from the candy kid whom she taught everything she knows? No, Mr. Keveney, I didn't tell her that. Mettie and I are regular, not stage sisters. We went right on for thirty-five a week, and you can take my word for it, before I hand her the hook and take away her chance to work for Gussie, we'll be in a one-ring circus washing down the animal cages."

Keveney stirred uneasily in his seat. "Of course," he said, "I didn't quite grasp the real situation. I suppose I'm a little dull."

Once more the girl leaned over toward Keveney, brushed her shoulder against his and turned her eyes on him in a glance that a mother might have vouchsafed a wayward child. The indignation had quite gone from her voice when she spoke again. "Don't you mind," she said consolingly, "if you are a little dull about a sister act. I'll bet there's lots of things you know that Mettie and I never heard of."

There was a sudden slowing down in the speed and the car swept across the open square in a long curve, and then rolled slowly down the gangway to the sheltered decks of the ferryboat. Keveney and the girl turned in their seats and listened to the conversation of the others in the back of the car. Mettie Lazelle was telling them of her experiences in some of the mining camps in which she and her sister had played, and of still earlier days when they had done a balancing act in a one-ring circus and sung in the "concert" after the show for an extra five dollars a week. She told them of how when Mae was only a child they had traveled in a wagon from one little town to another, taking a few hours' sleep whenever they could, and some days playing in barns and others in open lots, and how Mae passed the hat because she was so young and pretty; how the performance had frequently broken up in a riot, and how they had been stoned by the town hoodlums and often had to run for safety in their stage clothes. The Lazelles smiled at these recollections of those stormy days which were even worse than the present, but Paula Le Roy and her two men friends could not quite see this humorous point of view. Perhaps it was that, in the indolence of their lives, they could not appreciate that the present estate of the Lazelle sisters was so much better than it had been in the days of the wagon-show. It was no more possible to listen to these stories of the early trials and the hardships than it was to look at the heavy shadows and the deep lines they had drawn on the bloodless, prematurely old face of the woman who told them and not have a great wish to put out one's hand. But there was something in the manner of the Lazelle sisters, a certain rugged independence, a smiling indifference to the face of adversity that lifted them far above their surroundings, and to turn the thought of charity toward them into words would have been a simple rudeness. They seemed to belong to that small but very rich class who look only for the crevices in a wall that reaches across their path, and in a pigsty see nothing but the fugitive flower that has pushed its head through the muck to the clean air that is above it.

When they had reached the New York side and were on their way uptown, Keveney insisted that they should all go to his rooms, where he had ordered supper. Latham added his entreaties to those of his friend, but Miss Le Roy protested that her long trip and her first and arduous experience in vaudeville had made her fit only for bed, and Mettie Lazelle begged off on the excuse that her son would be waiting for her at home and that she could not give up one of the few opportunities she had of seeing him. With much reluctance, Keveney dropped Miss Le Roy and Latham at their different apartments and then took the Misses Lazelle to their home far over on the West Side.

The home of the Lazelles was on one of those gloomy streets near the North River that are lined with old three-story brick dwellings and high, narrow apartment houses, the kind on which a great part of the money is spent on a fancifully-trimmed façade and much brasswork about the doorway.

"I wish you would come in," the older Lazelle sister said. "It'll only be some beer and cheese sandwiches, but I'd like you to meet my boy, Gussie."

There seemed to be no adequate way for Keveney to refuse, and so, although he was not sufficiently hungry to enjoy cheese sandwiches and although beer did not agree with him at all, he accepted the invitation with alacrity and an apparent display of genuine pleasure.

The janitor had forgotten to light the hall lights, or perhaps they had been turned out for the night, but, in any case, Miss Lazelle gave the young man her hand, and the trio, laughing as they went, stumbled up four flights of narrow stairs, and, with the help of Keveney's matches, opened the front door of the Lazelle flat.

"Gussie's probably tired and fallen asleep," Mettie Lazelle explained to Keveney, as she led him to the sitting-room at the end of the narrow hallway. But Gussie was nowhere to be seen, and the two women went into their bedroom to take off their hats and for the moment left Keveney alone in his new surroundings. The sitting-room was very small and the air was close and had the damp smell peculiar to all over-crowded, ill-kept apartment houses. A few colored prints of women's heads in gold frames hung against a wall-paper of yellow and scarlet roses. There were no globes to shade the lights from the four blazing gas-jets of the chandelier, and the glare threw into a sharper relief the contrast between the crude color of the new wall-paper and the faded rep curtains, the frayed green covers of the cheap furniture and the well-worn carpet. On the mantelshelf and standing in frames on the centre table were many photographs in costumes of the Lazelle sisters and their friends of the vaudeville stage. Keveney having made a tour of the room sat on a lounge, which was evidently used as a bed by night. Mettie came in patting the straw-colored wisps of hair over her forehead, and sat in a rocking-chair at the centre table directly under the blaze of yellow light. The sister followed a few minutes later and curled herself up on the far end of the lounge. There was a conspicuous silence while Mettie folded her hands and looked anxiously at the nickel alarm clock on the mantel. For the moment there seemed to be no particular topic of general interest.

"I'm sorry about Gussie," Mettie said at last. "You see, he runs around the corner to Regan's for the supper after we get in—the beer is fresher that way and they make the sandwiches up new for him. I'd like to have you meet Gussie, too."

"You're a Good Thing," She Said; "For Sure, You're a Good Thing"

"I'm very sorry," Keveney said as impressively as he could. "Your sister tells me that your son lives in town. I suppose he is in business here?" Mettie looked up again at the clock, pursed her thin, colorless lips, and shook her head.

"No," she said, "Gussie isn't in business here—that is, not just now: Gussie seems to have hard luck. I guess they probably don't understand the boy. He had a good job for a while as checker in a department store and he worked on the delivery wagons for a time, but business was bad and they laid off a good many, and of course, Gussie being new—and then he was usher for a while down at Miner's Theatre, but I was glad when he quit that. There wasn't much money in it and I'd rather keep him away from show business. I suppose you think it's better for a boy to work though, don't you?"

Keveney nodded.

"Yes, of course," the woman went on dully. "I guess that's right; keeps them off the street and away from the pool-rooms and such places. I don't suppose you know of anything in your line of work. Now, if ——" The woman's dull eyes suddenly brightened at the thought and she looked up eagerly at her guest.

"Why, Mettie," the younger sister interrupted. "You oughtn't to ask Mr. Keveney that. We got no right to ask him any favors."

The light faded from the woman's eyes as quickly as it had come, and raising both hands to her scrawny neck, she put her fingers between the collar of her shirtwaist and her throat, as if the linen band was choking her. "That's right," she said slowly; "I beg your pardon. I didn't think, but Gussie's such a fine boy."

There was a slow shuffle of feet in the hallway; a young man with a brown derby hat pushed far back over his forehead and a dead cigarette hanging from his lips stood swaying in the doorway. He was very thin and anæmic-looking, with tow-colored hair and weak, watery blue eyes and colorless lips and cheeks. The younger sister sat on the lounge, gazing steadily at the newcomer; Mettie Lazelle walked to his side and tried to put her arm about his shoulders, but the young man pushed her away.

"That's all right," he said.

Mettie turned to Keveney. "This is my boy, Gussie. Gussie, this is a friend of ours, who brought us over from Staten Island—Mr. Keveney."

The young man took off his hat and moved unsteadily toward him. "Glad to know you," he said, and held out a thin, trembling hand.

"Gussie," Mettie said, "we thought you would go for some beer. We promised Mr. Keveney some."

"Sure," the boy muttered, "some beer and sandwiches," and turned again toward the door.

As he did so, Keveney rose too, and, protesting that it was too late to stay longer, bade his hosts good-night. The two women accompanied him to the hall doorway and he left them there with their arms about each other's shoulders, and slowly followed the boy down the dark stairways.

When they had reached the sidewalk Keveney said good-night and perfunctorily put out his hand, but Gussie seized and held it in a tight grasp. "Glad to know you," he said. "Come in and see us often. Nice girls, Mother and Mae—nice girls. Is that your machine?"

Keveney nodded and tried to release his hand, but the young man refused to let him go. "Sorry to trouble you on short acquaintance," he stammered, "but I'm in a sort of difficulty. Went to the track this afternoon and lost every cent Mother gave me to pay the rent with. Don't suppose you can let me have a loan of twenty?"

Keveney wrenched his hand loose and took a twenty-dollar bill from the roll of money in his pocket and gave it to his new acquaintance.

"That's for the rent, you understand," he said, "not to play the races, and don't think I'm doing it for you. It's for your mother and aunt."

The young man swayed slowly and looked down at the bill, which he held tightly between his hands. "I'm certainly obliged," he muttered. "You're all right, young fellow; you're all right."

Half an hour later, when Keveney got back to his apartments, he found Simmons patiently waiting for the supper party.

"I'm alone, Simmons," he said, "but I'm hungry. Give me whatever you have ready."

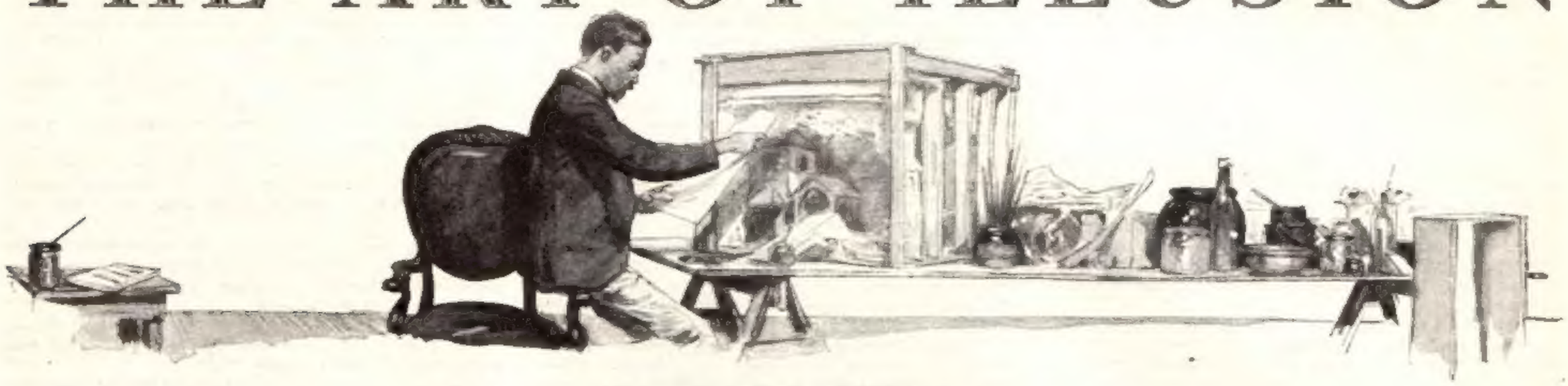
Keveney went into the big sitting-room, where the servant had arranged the table. There was a luxurious warmth in the mellow colors of the very room itself that made the young man rub his hands together and smile. He glanced at the white table with a great bunch of jonquils in the centre; at the heavy, glistening silver, the gold-traced china and the long-stemmed Venetian glasses reflecting a thousand colors in the orange glow from the shaded candelabra. And then, although he had left it but a few hours before, he walked slowly about the room, smiling at the pictures, the sideboard, with its row of shining silver racing trophies, the pieces of bric-à-brac he liked the best, and at the big comfortable leather chairs. He noticed how his feet sank deep into the heavy rug, and even the fireless hearth, with its burnished fire-dogs, looked warm and grateful. It was as if he were coming home after a long journey to a strange land and strange people. And then Simmons came in and the young man sat down to his lonely supper. He took a sip of champagne from one of the long-stemmed glasses, and then, smiling, looked up at the inscrutable face of Simmons, who was standing at the far end of the table.

"That tastes very good, Simmons," he said; "very good."

The servant, suddenly startled into life, acquiesced in a low and respectful bow.

(Concluded on Page 24)

THE ART OF ILLUSION



By David Belasco

ILLUSION is life. Without it the theatre is a corpse. It is the heart and soul of the drama. It is quite as important as the actor. When one speaks of the art of illusion he might very well mean the drama, since this is essentially illusory. The entire story presented on the stage is fictitious. The actor may personate some historical character—Napoleon, Cæsar or Antony—but it is seldom that a series of actual circumstances lends itself to dramatic purpose without "doctoring." In the narrow sense, however, the art of illusion is the handling of those elements which contribute to the convincing effect which the actor is endeavoring to create. These elements are scenery, stage settings, costumes, lights, natural effects—snowstorms and the like—and music.

In the good old times the drama was acted without supplementary illusion. The actor appeared, spoke his lines, and made his exits. In Shakespeare's day small, if any, attempt was made at scenic effect. The bare stage was used, with signs here and there reading, "A Forest," "A Mountain," or "A Castle." When the knight dragged the reluctant maiden past the last-named sign, it was meant that he intended making her a prisoner in his stronghold. Even before that time the Italians had used such effects as thunderstorms—but these were poorly made. Later, the English gave us storms at sea, dashing waves, rains—all crudely done. They made their lightning—a rather deliberate affair—by burning powder. We do this now with the electric flash.

The Pile-Driver Scene of the Seventies

THIRTY years ago the finale of every act of the melodrama was accompanied by red fire—a man stood on either side of the stage, holding a pan of this and flashing it at the climax. Such illusion was purely false. It did not contribute to the realism of the scene—and was used simply as a thriller. Shot rolled on the head of the bass drum made a sound like rain, and a piece of sheet-iron pounded with a pine club was accepted as a fairly good substitute for thunder. As a rule, thunderstorms were so strenuously "performed" as to divert the attention of the audience from any shortcoming of play or actor.

Theatre-goers to-day are extremely critical. Such crudities as the old way of creating a wave effect by having men or boys move about in an undulating way under a vast green cloth have given place to correct mechanical methods. Even in those days, when audiences were less exacting, the apparition of a boy breaking through a rotten spot in the cloth, and rising to confront the villain just on the point of carrying the heroine away in his boat, quite destroyed the illusion of the scene. The pile-driver was a classic factor in the illusion of melodrama a third of a century ago. Its appearance was quite as thrilling as a sight of the guillotine, for every well-educated audience knew what was coming. Frequently this contrivance was the best actor in the cast. Its "click, click, click," as the huge weight slowly lifted over the bound and prostrate form of the hero, to a point where it would be released and fall with a tremendous thud, created a tension never surpassed by the eloquence of any actor. No well-regulated pile-driver gives forth such a sound. The "click, click, click" was devised to emphasize the illusion of approaching tragedy. It never failed of effect. Night after night persons went to the play for no other purpose than to enjoy the particular thrill which the pile-driver scene afforded. Possibly, some malicious persons wanted to be there when, by accident, the huge weight might actually fall on the "star." Even if this had happened it wouldn't have hurt him, being only a great cube of iron-colored pasteboard.

A few years ago competition gave the art of illusion a great stimulus. There was a limit to the capacity of the actor—he could do his best, and no more. Therefore, if two managers had stars of equal drawing power, it was clear that the one who surrounded his with the highest realistic effects would gain an advantage. This was beneficial to dramatic art, but sorely taxing to the producer. Audiences, generous at the time, on being educated became exacting. Thus the law of progress was carried out.

To-day illusions are more subtly produced. The villain does not come on to the "ping, ping, ping, ping" of the violin. Nor does the heroine relate her tale of woe to the mournful strains of that instrument. Elecutionary effects are tabooed. Ranting has given place to natural speech. Longshoremen do not speak in deep, guttural tones, but as such men actually do speak. This is real, rather than false, illusion.

As a boy, when I first attended the theatre I used to marvel at the crude attempts at illusion. Even as a youngster I had a large library and read and studied much. My first effort, on becoming a producer, was directed to artistic illusion. To-day, when I produce a play I put the whole of myself into it—soul, mind and body. I so fill myself with the atmosphere which I wish to instill into the scene that I feel it in every fibre. What I do not know from study or personal observation my imagination supplies—tells me exactly the effect I must obtain, and I work until I get it. If the play be German, I study the mannerisms, feelings, colors and costumes of the people until I become a German and am able to *feel* the atmosphere with critical German sensitiveness. Or I look at the scenery with an Italian or French eye, as the case may be. It is quite as easy for me to surround myself with Chinese scenery and become a Chinaman, or to step into Calcutta in my mind and transform myself into a Hindu with all the mental subtleties of that peculiarly subtle people, as it is to imagine myself a sturdy Londoner, pushing his way up the Strand through a December fog.

The Quest of a Japanese Moon

I PUT the same spirit into the atmosphere of the play I am producing—the same value of detail. The effect of the last scene in The Girl of the Golden West depended much on the atmosphere put into it by the scenic artist. After he had painted the scene to my satisfaction I studied minutely the vegetation of the plains, trees—if any—height of bushes, sand, dirt, dust and stones with which to fill in the foreground.

When producing The Darling of the Gods I directed my scenic artist to give me a Japanese moon. In France they have one moon, the same in Germany, Italy or New York. But the Japanese moon, while the same, is different. How so? We went into books. Was it the position of the orb, its distance from the earth, its color—what? Was it larger, rounder? We studied and painted models until we were positive that we had a Japanese moon, with its peculiar *bluish* tint.

Natural scenery plays a large part in illusion. The mountain atmosphere peculiarly contributes to the poetry of love-making. There is a mystery in its deep shadows and purple tints, their very silence prompts superstition—yet their isolation suggests the hiding of the fugitive or scenes of desperate encounter. By the same token the ocean scene, with lovers on the beach about to part, suggests a vastness that almost merges into eternity and accentuates the illusion of the tragedy of separation.

One of the simplest illusions produced mechanically is that of snow—done by means of perforated cardboard, shaken in a way to release bits of paper. An ordinary snowstorm costs about twenty cents. It has a peculiar value. It is used to emphasize a sense of destitution. Poverty is quite as common in summer as in winter, yet one at that time who can make a bed in the fields is only half so poor as he who suffers from cold in addition to hunger. It is not probable that more daughters are driven from home in winter than in summer, but it would not be half so dramatic to turn one of these unfortunates out-of-doors on a beautiful May morning, when all the colors and perfumes of Nature invited, as to send her into a blinding snowstorm at the dead of night. Also, thunderstorms make very good backgrounds for elopement or the home-coming of the prodigal or the ponderous anathemas of the father of the family. As such conditions are supposed to affect the characters on the stage, it is but natural they should appeal to the hearts of the audience.

How Lighting Effects are Chosen

LOVE-MAKING is the prime essential of the drama, and to promote this illusion the art of both dramatist and producer must be conjured. To be sure, the courtship of a peasant is quite as often carried on in the kitchen as in the garden or some forest walk. But the kitchen suggests comedy and the audience will not accept it as a proper setting for an affair of the heart. The value of lights in promoting this illusion is obvious. Whether it be the English girl in the drawing-room or the Continental woman in the fields, the light must be subdued—also, a man is more courageous under such conditions. As a matter of fact, love scenes are not so frequent in the morning as at midday, the hour of rest, or when the sun is setting. If such a scene be laid in a parlor the lights—turned low—should be bronzes, yellows or reds, or if out-of-doors, the warm color of the dying sunset. In making lights suggestive of love scenes I always study to be restful to the eye. Certainly Shakespeare knew what he was about when he placed his scene between Romeo and Juliet on the balcony in the soft rays of the moon. The subdued light also lends itself to murders, robberies and villainies of all kinds where the figures in the scene are barely visible. This is also true of real life, as most crimes are committed under cover of the night.

For comedy, however, everything must be cheerful and bright. We must see the faces of the actors with their subtle expressions. Such scenes must be played with the lights "full up." Some thirty years ago only gas was available for footlights and borders. We could have them only up or down, two-thirds up or half down, which was very unsatisfactory. Then came calcium, a great improvement. But now, by means of electricity, we can obtain any shade of light, which adds immensely to the illusion.

Perhaps, because villainy is associated with darkness we select dark men for villains and dark women for adventuresses. Certainly these colors best lend themselves to the idea of guilt. Yet we know that the blue-eyed man is quite as apt to be a scoundrel as the dark. Few of us associate our dark-eyed, dark-haired mothers or sisters with adventure or crime. In the matter of morality and sobriety Italy compares favorably with Sweden—where the blondes come from. And there is no doubt the English girl has quite as knowing a twinkle in her eye as her French sister. Yet convention has ordained that the light people are good and the dark naughty—and so be it.

Color bears an analogy to light. If it be a love scene I use such colors as will woo the senses, fascinate the eye and make the heart throb. These are suited to the personality of the woman in the part, to her temperament, nationality and character. If she be a coquette, russets, pinks, blood reds, and the color of the tiger lily add to the illusion. But if she be a maiden or a young, devoted wife she should affect delicate pinks and dove colors, since the warmth which these suggest is of a chaste character. The boudoirs of women are also subject to careful color study, as, for instance, that of the coquette must have tints and shades suggestive of passion, like the red rose in the black hair.

Of course, furniture and costumes are the prime attributes of atmosphere. Few persons know Old Dutch from Old English furniture. But there is always one man in the audience who can tell the difference, therefore one cannot afford to take any chances. When I produce a play of a remote period I carefully study the furniture of the time. If I cannot get originals I obtain reproductions. Nor does it do to "cross" furnitures, so to speak, mix up English with Dutch or French with the idea that its antiquity will carry the fraud. When I put on The Darling of the Gods I felt the necessity of some great war token to put in the chamber of the minister of war. The Japanese consul obtained from his Government a statue of a war god which was brought to me bearing the legend, "Ojin Tenno, August War God, Mightiest of Eight Thousand." From this sacred piece I made a huge reproduction which perfected the atmosphere of the scene. The statue was only loaned to me. When the play was produced I returned it to the consul. But he told me that the drama had dealt so truthfully with Japanese atmosphere and conditions and had pleased his countrymen so greatly that he begged that I would accept it as a memento of their appreciation.

I always invite criticism of my furniture as it pertains to certain periods, particularly from students of the history of that time.

One cannot too carefully guard against a laugh that some incongruity may bring about in the middle of a scene designed to be serious. For instance, some years ago a play of the Cromwellian period was produced. Great pains had been taken by the manager that the scenery, costumes and other effects of that date be correct. In one scene a soldier picks up an axe and smashes a door. It chanced that the property axe on this occasion had been mislaid. When the soldier was ready to do his smashing he looked about for his axe and he couldn't find it. The scene would not wait until a search had been made, so the actor grabbed the nearest thing at hand, which happened to be a brand-new fire department axe. He hid the thing as best he could, but instantly the audience caught on. Loud guffaws filled the house and a splendid tragedy situation was turned to one of burlesque and confusion. On another occasion a very clever one-act play of the time of the French Revolution was produced one Sunday night in a Harlem theatre—on trial. The laws of New York forbid the presentation of plays with costumes, scenery or other properties on Sunday. Obviously the success of this play depended on costumes and settings. Instead of a typical French kitchen there were four bare walls, a plain table and two chairs. The actor who impersonated the soldier appeared in a frock coat and derby hat—a combination which lent itself to comedy; the one who acted the part of the citizen was dressed in the ordinary clothes of the mechanic. For a time their spirited dialogue held the audience, but when, with rage and fury, they attacked each other with billiard cues instead of swords, thrusting and parrying and skipping about, the mirth of the audience knew no bounds. The actors ignominiously abandoned the scene and the curtain was rung down without a moment's delay.

In a scene where the furniture is entirely modern I am careful to adapt it to the tastes of the man who plays it. If it be the house of a parvenu, there cannot be too much gilt and red and heavy furnishings—everything on a scale of the coarsest luxury. The gentleman's residence, of course, has old portraits and other heirlooms in evidence, while that of the literary man is denoted by books, to give the illusion of culture.

Some years ago a prominent actor played the part of a promoter. Everything in his drawing-room was ornate—designed to impress his victims with the tremendous prosperity of his scheme. This was artistic illusion. It is notorious that the offices of promoters are furnished magnificently. Later the same play was produced at a provincial theatre. The scenery and settings were tawdry, and it failed dismally for lack of atmosphere.

"Faking" in the matter of furniture is dangerous, if not fatal. Nothing pays like the genuine. If I have a scene representing the home of a man who moves in the same circle as the Astors or Vanderbilts, I study the homes of such persons of wealth and culture and spare no expense to make an exact reproduction. I have on one production alone spent from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars in order to get the real atmosphere—and it pays, pecuniarily no less than artistically, since everybody "goes away" full of enthusiasm about such and such a scene and advertises the play better than a newspaper.

Thoroughly artistic atmosphere inspires the actor who absorbs it to the full. He feels through the scene that he is a Japanese, a Frenchman or a German—as the case may be. It puts him in closer touch with his character than any amount of coaching.

The matter of time on the stage is a curious illusion. This is produced more frequently by the playwright than by the producer. He must marshal his events in rapid, yet graceful and logical succession. A court scene involving a murder trial that would in reality occupy two or three days is accomplished on the stage in half an hour. Only the essentials of the story are treated—there are no waits, no repetitions. The jury is in the box, the judge on the bench as the curtain rises. In a few words the District Attorney presents his case—it is all done on the rapid-fire method, yet by good stage management is not only effective, but adequate.

The effect of the passing of night was accomplished in Madame Butterfly, where the vigil of the girl continues into the morning, when her husband appears from the ship.

We may crowd a day's events into thirty-five minutes so long as we do not outrage common-sense. But this art has developed only within the past decade. Before that we were compelled to resort to numerous scenes to stretch over the lapse of a year. The act would start, part of the scene develop; then a front scene was lowered and songs and dances introduced which were supposed to carry the audience along six months, or a year, into the following scene. Some acts would have five or six scenes. Now, they have but one.

The Greeks had the art of perfect playwriting. They were able to develop scenes right into one another and without wrecking the unities.

For a long time music was used in much the same way as lights: the bright for the cheerful scenes and the heavier for the more dramatic. I have done away with music, because I find its equivalent in the acting, the lighting, the atmosphere in my theatres. I assist the play and players with music where it can be introduced without being dragged in. I do not bring the hero or heroine on with music as formerly; nor do I use it for nerve-racking scenes. I find I can be more effective by avoiding any such false illusion which makes the play stilted, heavy and old-fashioned.

Surely one can embellish bad plays and help bad acting with music, but I find that, as a rule, the public favor not having it. They do not need a stimulant to enjoy the play, and that is what music is—a stimulant. It also tends to artificiality. We are working for a higher and better theatre, and the public is more exacting each ensuing year. This makes it more difficult for the manager, because he must convince his public, and he cannot do so through artificiality.

THE FRANCHISE

By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WHEN General Counsel Indermill, of the Surface Company, wore his derby hat far on the back of his round head, those about the office knew that he was busy. The hat was in that position as he strode into President Vance's office. He carried a bundle of papers in his pudgy hand as a further sign of his engagements.

But other people's business never particularly interested President Vance. He was smiling broadly, and he called out, as though it were a joke, "Ever hear of Wistaria?"

"Was a small town; west of Nineveh; taken into the city at consolidation," Indermill answered, as briefly as possible.

"Well, it's the home of as likely a lot of street-railroad magnates as I've seen for some time," the president remarked. "Here's their franchise." He lifted some typewritten sheets from the desk. "Read that section I've marked"

Indermill resignedly plumped into a chair, took the sheets, and briskly read aloud as follows:

"Section VIII: And when any passenger or passengers upon any line or lines of the said People's Rapid Transit Company shall request of the conductor or conductors in charge of the car or cars in which said passenger or passengers is or are riding, after said passenger or passengers has or have paid his, her or their full cash fare as hereinbefore fixed, determined and declared, a transfer or transfers to any other line or lines of street or elevated or underground railways within the present or future boundaries of said village of Wistaria running in any direction or directions, which shall intersect any line or lines of the said People's Rapid Transit Company, or be contiguous thereto within the space of two blocks, it shall be the duty of said conductor or conductors, as the case may be, to issue to said passenger or passengers said transfer or transfers so requested by him, her or them or any of them ——"

"A Man in This Town, at This Time, That Can't Raise a Hundred Thousand Dollars on a Back Page Tore Out of the Council Proceedings Ought to Work for a Living All His Life"

Counsel Indermill broke off and looked up in astonishment. President Vance was red in the face, his shoulders were shaking and tears stood in his eyes.

"I want that franchise!" he gasped. "I'll even pay some money, if necessary, to get it."

"But where did it come from? Who owns it?"

"Well," said Vance, subduing his mirth, "it seems that, a while before consolidation with the city, these Wistaria gentlemen judged it would be a good thing to have a street-railroad franchise. So they fixed one up to suit themselves, and the obliging town council passed it. As to who they are ——" He took from his desk two cards and a slip of paper with a name scrawled upon it, and read: "'Charles F. Holt, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law: Life Insurance: Fire Insurance: Titles Examined; Real-Estate Loans; Notary Public.' He's the kind of village lawyer that wears a rusty silk hat and a greasy frock coat. He talks just like that franchise, all the while boring the point into the palm of his left hand with the forefinger of the right hand. Then here's Mr. L. Benjamin Blackstone. The card's engraved, you notice. Of course, his real name is Levy Schwartzenstein. Seems he's a sort of small pawnbroker and all-around loan shark out there."

He next took up the scrawled slip, reading the name, "'D. Sullivan.' I guess Dennis is the mainstay of the trio—good, tight, stocky Irish lad. He told me very frankly that he'd been on the police force until lately. Now, I believe, he's conducting a restaurant, billiard parlor, roller-skating rink and bar combined."

"A policeman, a shyster lawyer and a loan shark, eh?" said Indermill, and grinned. "What do they want?"

"Oh, they want to come in with us," Vance replied. "They think the street-railroad business would suit 'em first-rate. They just want a kind of general partnership." Vance wiped his eyes, and added, with a rather ominous cheerfulness, "Well, I'll take 'em in, all right! You see,

their franchise gives 'em a right to issue transfers to any intersecting line."

"I don't believe their franchise is worth two cents, on any account," said Indermill contemptuously.

"Well, what's the odds whether it's worth even one cent?" said President Vance cheerfully. "You know the Underground concern has just built a feeder line out Wistaria way. I want D. Sullivan and pals to build half a dozen blocks of horse-car line. I can sell 'em some old rails and two or three superannuated cars. The whole thing won't cost over a thousand dollars. Then let 'em haul a few carloads of passengers that they've collected fare from over to the Underground and let the Underground haul those passengers nine miles downtown for nothing, on transfers. It will be worth the thousand dollars to hear Metcalf swear. If he refuses to accept the transfers, of course, he'll be sued."

"It would be a good joke," said Indermill, somewhat uneasily. "But you must be careful. Our franchise provides that we shall never use horse power, or ally ourselves with or assist any company that does use horse power."

"Oh, thunder!" said Vance impatiently. "We can avoid that easily enough. I'll just make those fellows a personal loan and take their stock as collateral, or we'll form a New Jersey holding company, or something like that. I'm a franchise fancier. I want this one to go with my collection."

"But will the city permit 'em to do any constructing under that franchise?" Indermill objected. "It will send the police to stop 'em."

"As to that," said the president thoughtfully, "I don't believe my friends at the city hall would be so mean as to interfere with my little joke—if I asked 'em not to."

II

"ELBRIDGE," said President Metcalf, of the Underground Company earnestly, "are you sure that transfer clause in the Wistaria franchise is invalid?"

"I'm certain of it," the lawyer replied, with conviction. "Could that little dead-and-gone town of Wistaria impose conditions upon a concern that derives its powers from the city?"

"If you're certain it's invalid," said President Metcalf, nervously stroking his side-whiskers, "I think I'll buy the franchise."

Mr. Elbridge looked worried.

"You see," Metcalf explained, "some day we'll want to build extensions in that territory. If the Underground Company itself builds them it will have to haul the passengers all the way downtown for five cents. If this Wistaria concern should build them, and the transfer clause is invalid, it could charge five cents for the haul to our line, and we'd charge another five cents for the haul downtown."

A furrow of pain gathered in counsel's sallow brow.

"Our franchise, you know," he said anxiously, "stipulates that we shall never acquire or become interested in any other transportation company without the consent of the city."

President Metcalf regarded him peevishly. "You lawyers," he said, with irritation, "are simply obsessed by technicalities. What does Vance do in such a case? Does he sit around looking up fine points of law? Some of our fellows will buy the Wistaria franchise personally, and then we'll turn it over to a New Jersey holding company. That's what we'll have to do, anyway, when we come to a consolidation with Vance and with Grady." In a moment he added, more mildly, "The franchise won't cost much of anything, anyway. I don't suppose those Wistaria hoboes ever saw twenty-five thousand dollars among them."

III

AT THE office of the Elevated Railway, Counsel Patrick looked up with the air of a man who has just come upon the solution of a difficult problem.

"I say!" he exclaimed, "there's that Wistaria franchise!"

"What about it?" asked President Grady unemotionally.

Patrick folded his muscular arms on the desk and became confidential.

"It's just this way, Joe," he said. "There's too much talk going around about investigating books and so on. We spent three hundred thousand dollars while the legislature was in session. Of course, we can charge it up to construction same as heretofore. But the truth is, I'm sort of nervous. I'd rather have it all shipshape. So why don't you personally buy this Wistaria franchise for five thousand dollars, and sell it to the company for three hundred and five, and then pay the legislative expenses out of your own pocket? Then, if some blatherskite comes prying around some day, we can receive him with open arms."

The Three Stood Modestly in Line

"A franchise is always a good thing to have," Mr. Grady replied reflectively, "even if it isn't any good really. About those legislative expenses—of course, we can't buy a franchise every time the legislature meets. I've been thinking we ought to form a New Jersey holding company. Or a Delaware one, say. I hear the Delaware laws are excellent. The authorities of this State can't investigate a New Jersey or a Delaware corporation. We might form our holding company right now, and let it hold this Wistaria thing. I guess it would be strong enough to hold that. You know," he continued thoughtfully, "we're going to have consolidation with Vance and Metcalf. Then we can turn in any old kind of franchise we happen to have at a very good profit."

IV

FORMERLY there was a Wistaria post-office on Main Street. Now it was Sub Station Z, of the city post-office, on Three Hundred and Fifty-ninth Street. This and somewhat heavier taxes were the salient results of consolidation with the metropolis.

The post-office occupied the ground floor of a small, two-story brick building with a large galvanized iron cornice. A crane over the stair door supported a swinging sign that read, "Charles F. Holt, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law; Life Insurance, Fire Insurance; Conveyancing; Real-Estate Loans; Notary Public." A sheet of letter-paper, tacked to the door-jamb, said, in a large hand, with many flourishes, "For Sale or Trade—Horse and Buggy; Speedy; City Broke; Walk Up."

Upstairs, the door to the bare front office and the one from that to the small room in the rear were wide open.

"We've Got Everything," Said Dennis Sullivan, "Except Money"

The traction triumvirs were in the rear room. Dennis Sullivan sat at the table in his shirt-sleeves. He was blocky in build, and as he rested his thick forearms on the table the points of his powerful shoulders stood up higher than his collar. His broad, smooth-shaven and ruddy face was by no means ill-natured; but he looked like one who would be disposed to reduce a controversy, as speedily as possible, to its simplest physical terms.

Mr. Blackstone sat opposite, a little removed from the table. He was much better dressed than the other two. A pair of pale yellow gloves were neatly disposed on the table beside his new fedora hat, and a diamond cluster of considerable size sparkled in his lavender tie. His large nose, so to speak, cast a broad shadow of suspicion upon his English name.

Attorney Holt sat against the wall, his chair tilted back, his heels resting upon the lower rung, his arms clasped about his bony knees, which were thus elevated even with his chin. He wore a silk hat of some age, and to keep the brim from striking the wall, he had tipped it over his brow—the result being a somewhat sinister appearance which did his open nature injustice. He was smoking a stogy, and to manipulate it without losing his balance required dexterity.

"We've got everything," said Dennis Sullivan, with decision, "that Vance or Metcalf or Brady had when they broke into this business, except money. Money we ain't got. What's the answer? Why, it's up to us to go out and get it."

"Sure!" murmured Blackstone. He spoke, usually, soft and low.

"We don't want to make anny move," Dennis continued firmly, "that don't bring in money. Anny move that does bring in money we do want to make. If we can't move faster than the lads that furnish the money, we're no good. If we are anny good"—pausing, he looked from one to the other, his gray eyes twinkling, his mouth closing in a long, firm line—"If we are anny good, we'll clean up half a million dollars."

The ashes from Holt's stogy fell into his lap. Without heeding them, or losing his balance, he took the stogy from his mouth and smiled at Dennis—a smile as still, as wide and as sultry as an August noon.

Blackstone gently polished the knuckles of his left hand with the palm of his right, and sighed. "Say a hundred thousand apiece," he suggested—almost like a coy maiden deprecating a wooer's ardor.

"Half a million dollars," Dennis repeated decisively. "What's Vance's franchise worth? What's Grady's? What's Metcalf's? What'll all of 'em be worth when they finally consolidate in wan grand, amalgamated, universal transportation federation? A man in this town, at this time, that can't raise a hundred thousand dollars on a back page tore out of the council proceedings ought to work for a living all his life. And we've got something even better'n that. This day week, gents, thanks to friend Vance, we'll have our little horse-car line running. Won't we be in the game then?"

"The week after," said Blackstone mildly, "I'll see Metcalf and, right then, I'll touch him up for a good, round loan."

Holt smiled again, warmly. "Oh, we'll all be busy then," he said, with pleasurable anticipation. He brought down his chair with a thump and put his hat straight on his head. "But, look here, boys, we don't want to be seen together after that."

Dennis started to speak, but checked himself and peered into the outer room. Then he arose, went out and shut the hall door. Returning, he shut the door to the inner room. "If it was just conning a farmer," he explained, as he took his seat, "I wouldn't mind. But we traction magnates can't be too careful."

Holt and Blackstone moved up to the table, and the three put their heads together.

V

"I BELIEVE Vance is backing them," said President Metcalf morosely. "I don't believe those tramps would have the nerve to start a suit against us like that—asking for a mandamus to compel us to accept their transfers, and saying we've forfeited our franchise. It's come to a pretty pass if any beggar that happens along can drop into court and ask for mandamuses against a fifty-million-dollar corporation!"

"Oh, that suit doesn't amount to anything," said Counsel Elbridge soothingly.

(Continued on Page 29)

THE FIRING LINE

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

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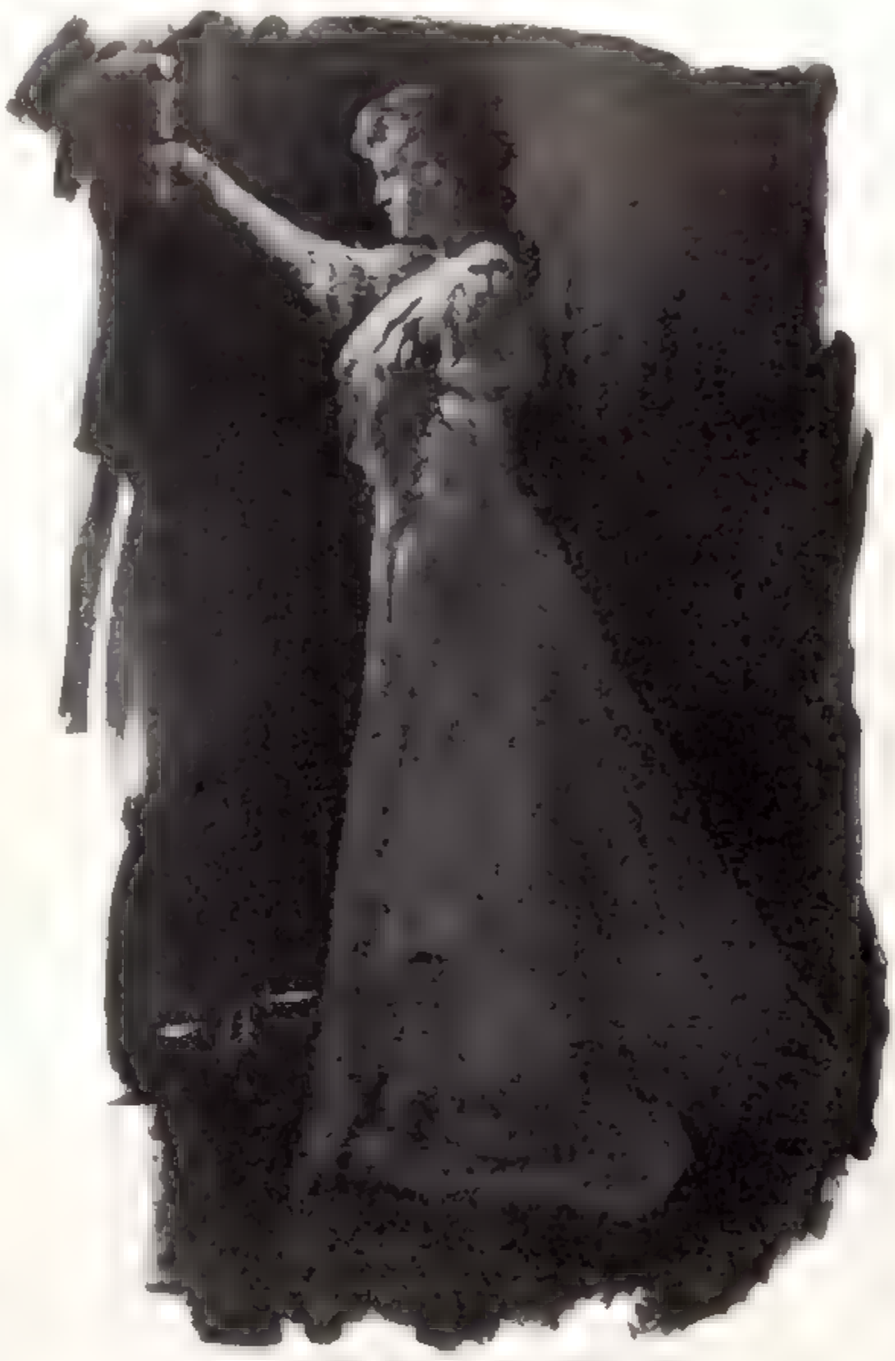

"Will You Come in, Louis?"

CHAPTER XXIV

AS HE left the garden Malcourt sauntered into view, halted, then came forward. "I'm glad to see you," he said pleasantly.

"Thank you." Neither offered to shake hands; Malcourt, lightly formal, spoke of Hamil's illness in a few words, using that excellent taste which was at his command when he chose to employ it He expressed his pleasure in Hamil's recovery, and said that he was ready at any time to take up the unfinished details of Portlaw's business, agreeing with Hamil that there remained very little to talk over

"The main thing, of course, is to squelch William's last hopes of any Rhine castles," continued Malcourt, laughing. "If you feel like it to-day I'll bring over the plans as you sketched them."

"In a day or two," nodded Hamil.

"Or, perhaps, you will lunch with—with us, and you and I can go over the things comfortably."

But he saw by the scarcely perceptible change in Hamil's face that there were to be no such relations between them, informal or otherwise; and he went on quietly, closing his own suggestion:

"Or, if you like, we'll get Portlaw some morning after his breakfast and end the whole matter by laying down the law to him."

"That would be perfectly agreeable to me," said Hamil. He spoke as though fatigued, and he looked it as he moved toward his house, using his walking-stick. Malcourt accompanied him to the road.

"Hamil," he said coolly, "may I suggest something?"

The other turned an expressionless face toward him: "What do you wish to suggest?"

"That, some day when you feel physically better, I'd like to go over one or two matters with you—privately"

"What matters?"

"They concern you and myself"

"I know of no private matters which concern you and myself—or are ever likely to."

Malcourt's face darkened. "I think I warned you once that one day you would misunderstand my friendship for you."

Hamil straightened up, looking him coldly in the eye.

"Malcourt," he said, "there is no reason for the slightest pretense between us. I don't like you; I don't dislike you; I simply don't take you into consideration at all. The accident of your intrusion into a woman's life is not going to make any more difference to me than it has already made, nor can it affect my complete liberty and freedom to do and say what I choose."

"I am not sure that I understand you, Hamil."

"Well, you can certainly understand this: that my regard for—Mrs. Malcourt—does not extend to you: that it is neither modified nor hampered by the fact that you happen to exist, or that she now bears your name."

Malcourt's face had lost its color. He began slowly:

"There is no reason, I think ——"

"I don't care what you think!" said Hamil. "It is not of any consequence to me, nor will it govern me in any manner." He made a contemptuous gesture toward the garden. "Those flower-beds and gravel walks in there—I don't know whether they belong to you or to Mrs. Malcourt or to Portlaw; and I don't care. The accidental ownership of property will not prevent my entering it; but its ownership by you would prevent my accepting your personal invitation to use it or even enter it. And now, perhaps, you understand

Malcourt, very white, nodded:

"It is so useless," he said—"all this bitterness. You don't know what you're saying. . . . But I suppose you can't help it It always has been that way; things to go smash if I try to do anything. . . . Well, Hamil, we'll go on in your own fashion, if we must—for a while. But"—and he laughed mirthlessly—"if it ends in a little shooting—you mustn't blame me!"

Hamil surveyed him in cold displeasure

"I always expected you'd find your level," he observed.

"Yes, I'll find it," mused Malcourt, "as soon as I know what it ought to be. Under pressure it is difficult to ascertain such things; one's true level may be higher or lower My father and I have often discussed this matter—and the ethics of straight shooting."

Hamil's eyes narrowed

"If you mean that as a threat," he began contemptuously; but Malcourt, who had suddenly assumed that curious listening attitude, raised his hand impatiently, as though silencing interruption.

And long after Hamil had turned on his heel and gone he stood there, graceful, head lowered a little, and partly turned as though poetically appreciative of the soft, twittering music which the bluebirds were making among the falling apple-bloom

Then slowly, not noticing Hamil's departure, he retraced his steps through the garden, head slightly inclined, as though to catch the murmur of some invisible companion accompanying him. Once or twice he nodded, a strange smile creeping over his face; once his lips moved as though asking a question; no sound came from them, but apparently he had his answer, for he nodded assent, halted, drew a deep breath, and looked upward

"We can try that," he said aloud in his naturally pleasant voice; and, entering the house, went upstairs to his wife's apartments

Shiela's maid answered his knock; a moment later, Shiela herself, gowned for the afternoon, came to the door, and her maid retired

"Do you mind my coming in a moment?" he asked

She glanced back into her own bedroom, closed the door, and led the way to the small living-room at the other end of the house

"Where's that maid of yours?" he asked.

"Sewing in my dressing-room. Shall I send her downstairs?"

"Yes; it's better."

So Shiela went away and returned shortly, saying that her maid had gone; and then, with a questioning gesture to her husband, she seated herself by the open window and looked out into the sunshine, waiting for him to speak

"Do you know," he said abruptly, "what saved Cardrosa, Carrick & Co. from going to the wall?"

"What?" The quick, crisp question sounded like the crack of a tiny whip

He looked at her, languidly amused

"You knew there was a panic?" he asked

"Yes, of course."

"You knew that your father and Mr. Carrick were worried?"

"Yes."

"You didn't realize they were in bad shape?"

"Not—very. Were they?"

"That they needed money, and that they couldn't go out into the market and borrow it because nobody would lend any money to anybody?"

"I do not understand such details."

"Details? Ah—yes, quite so. . . . Then you were not aware that a run was threatened on the Shoshone Securities Company and certain affiliated banks?"

"Yes—but I did not suppose it meant anything alarming."

"And you didn't understand that your father and brother-in-law could not convert their securities into the ready cash they needed to meet their obligations—did you?"

"I do not understand details, Louis. . . . No."

"Or that they were desperate?"

Her face altered pitifully.

"On the edge of bankruptcy?" he went on.

"*What?*"

"Then," he said deliberately, "you don't know what helped them—what tided them over those two days—what pulled them through by the slimmest margin that ever saved the credit of anybody."

"Not my money?"

"Yes, your money."

"Is it true, Louis?"

"Absolutely."

She leaned her head on her hand and sat gazing out of the open window. There were tears very near her eyes, but the lids closed and not one fell or even wet the thick lashes resting on her cheeks

"I supposed it would please you to know what you have done."

The face she turned toward him was wonderful in its radiance

She said: "I have never been as happy in all my life, I think. Thank you for telling me. I needed just—that."

He studied her for a moment, nimble wits at work. Then

"Has your father—have the others—in their letters never said anything about it to you?"

"Yes, Father has. He did not say matters had been desperate."

"I suppose he does not dare commit such a thing to paper—yet. . . . You do not burn your letters," he added blandly.

"I have no reason to."

"It might save servants' gossip."

"What gossip?"—in cold surprise.

"There's a desk full of Hamil's letters upstairs, judging from the writing on the envelopes." He added with a smile: "Although I don't pry, some servants do. And, if there is anything in those letters you do not care to have discussed below stairs, you ought either to lock them up or burn them"

Her face was burning hot; but she met his gaze with equanimity, slowly nodding serene assent to his suggestion.

"Shiela," he said pleasantly, "it looks to me as though what you have done for your family in that hour of need rather balances all accounts between you and them. Don't you think so?"

"What?"

"I say that you are square with them for what they have done in the past for you."

She shook her head. "I don't know what you mean, Louis."

He said patiently: "You had nothing to give but your fortune, and you gave it."

"Yes"

"Which settles your obligations toward them—puts them so deeply forever in your debt that ——" He hesitated, considering the chances, then, seriously persuasive:

"They are now in *your* debt, Shiela. They have sufficient proof of your unselfish affection for them to stand a temporary little shock. Why don't you administer it?"

"What shock?"—in an altered voice.

"Your divorce."

"I thought you were meaning that."

"I do mean it. You ought to have your freedom; you are ruining your own life and Hamil's, and —and ——"

"Yours?"

"Let that go," he said almost savagely; "I can always get along. But I want you to have your freedom to marry that damned fool, Hamil."

The quick blood stung her face under his sudden blunt brutality.

"You think that because I returned a little money to my family it entitles me publicly to disgrace them?"

Malcourt's patience was fast going.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Shiela, shed your swaddling clothes and act like something adult. Is there any reason why two people situated as we are cannot discuss sensibly some method of mitigating our misfortune? I'll do anything you say in the matter. Divorce is a good thing sometimes. This is one of the times, and I'll give you every reason for a successful suit against me ——"

She rose, cheeks aflame, and in her eyes scorn unutterable.

He rose, too, exasperated.

"You won't consider it?" he asked harshly.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm not coward enough to ask others to bear the consequences of my own folly and yours!"

"You little fool," he said; "do you think your family would let you endure me for one second, if they knew how you felt? Or what I am likely to do at any moment?"

She stood, without replying, plainly waiting for him to leave the room and her apartments. All her color had fled.

"You know," he said with an ugly glimmer in his eyes, "I need not continue this appeal to your common-sense, if you haven't got any; I can force you to a choice."

"What choice?"—in leisurely contempt.

He hesitated; then, insolently: "Your choice between — honest wifehood and honest divorce."

For a moment she could not comprehend; suddenly her hands contracted and clinched as the crimson wave stained her from throat to brow. But in her eyes was terror unutterable.

"I—I beg—your pardon," he stammered. "I did not mean to frighten you ——"

But at his first word she clapped both hands over her ears, staring at him in horror—backing away from him, shrinking flat against the wall.

"Confound it! I am not threatening you," he said, raising his voice; but she would not hear another word — he saw that now—and, with a shrug, he walked past her, patient once more, outwardly polite, inwardly bitterly amused, as he heard the key snap in the door behind him.

Standing in his own office on the floor below he glanced vacantly around him. After a moment he said aloud, as though to somebody in the room: "Well, I tried it. But that is not the way."

Later, young Mrs. Malcourt, passing, saw him seated at his desk, head bent as though listening to something interesting. But there was nobody else in the office.

When at last he roused himself the afternoon sun was shining level in the West; long, rosy beams struck through the woods, turning the silver stems of the birches pink.

On the footbridge spanning the meadow brook he saw his wife and Hamil leaning over the hand-rail, shoulder almost touching shoulder; and he went to the window and stood intently observing them.

They seemed to be conversing very earnestly; once she threw back her pretty head and laughed unrestrainedly, and the clear sound of it floated up to him through the late sunshine; and once she shook her head emphatically, and once he saw her lay her hand on Hamil's arm—an impulsive gesture, as though to enforce her words, but it was more like a caress.

A tinge of malice altered Malcourt's smile as he watched them; the stiffening grin twitched at his cheeks.

"Now, I wonder," he thought to himself, "whether it is the right way, after all! . . . I don't think I'll threaten her again with—alternatives. There's no telling what a fool might do in a panic." Then, as though the spectacle bored him, he yawned, stretched his arms and back, gracefully turned and touched the button that summoned his servant.

"Order the horses and pack as usual, Simmons," he said with another yawn. "I'm going to New York. Isn't Mr. Portlaw here yet?"

"No, sir."

"Did you say he went away on horseback?"

"Yes, sir, this morning."

"And you don't know where?"

"No, sir. Mr. Portlaw took the South Road."

Malcourt grinned again, perfectly certain, now, of Portlaw's destination; and thinking to himself that unless his fatuous employer had been landed in a ditch somewhere, *en route*, he was by this time returning from Pride's Fall, with considerable respect for Mrs. Ascott.

. . . . . .

As a matter of fact, Portlaw had already started on his way back. Mrs. Ascott was not at Pride's Hall—her house—when he presented himself at the door. Her servant, evidently instructed, did not know where Mrs. Ascott and Miss Palliser had gone or when they might return.

Furry Ears Forward

So Portlaw betook himself heavily to the village inn, where he insulted his astonished stomach with a noon-day dinner, and found the hard wooden chairs exceedingly unpleasant.

About five o'clock he got into his saddle with an unfeigned groan, and out of it again at Mrs. Ascott's door. They told him there that Mrs. Ascott was not at home.

Whether this might be the conventional manner of informing him that she declined to receive him, or whether she really was out, he had no means of knowing; so he left his cards for Mrs. Ascott and Miss Palliser, also the note which young Mrs. Malcourt had given him; clambered once more up the side of his horse, suppressing his groans until out of hearing and well on his way toward the fatal boundary.

In the late afternoon sky and water had turned to a golden rose hue; clouds of gnats danced madly over meadow pools, calm mirrors of the sunset, save when a trout sprang quivering, a dark, slim crescent against the light, falling back with a mellow splash that set the pool rocking.

At gaze a deer looked at him from the sedge, furry ears forward; stamped, winded him, and, not frightened very much, trotted into the dwarf willows, halting once or twice to look around.

As he advanced, his horse splashing through the flooded land fetlock-deep in water, green herons flapped upward, protesting harshly, circled overhead with leisurely wing-beats, and settled on some dead limb, thin, strange shapes against the deepening orange of the western heavens.

Portlaw, sitting his saddle gingerly, patronized Nature askance; and he saw across the flooded meadow where the river sand had piled its smothering blanket—which phenomenon he was guiltily aware was due to him.

Everywhere were signs of the late overflow—raw new gravel channels for Painted Creek; river willows bent low where the flood had winnowed; piles of driftwood jammed here and there; a single stone pier stemming mid-stream; ancient flow and cover gone. More of his work—or the consequences of it—this desolation; from which, under his horse's feet, rose a hawk, flapping, furious, a half-drowned snake dangling from the talon-clutch.

"Ugh!" muttered Portlaw, bringing his startled horse under discipline; then forged forward across the drowned lands, sorry for his work, sorry for his obstinacy, sorrier for himself; for Portlaw, in some matters, was illogically parsimonious; and it irked him dreadfully to realize how utterly indefensible were his actions and how much they promised to cost him.

"Unless," he thought cannily to himself, "I can fix it up with her—for old friendship's sake—bah!—doing the regretful sinner business ——"

As the horse thrashed out of the drowned lands up into the flat plateau where acres of alders, their tops level as a trimmed hedge, stretched away in an even, green sea, a distant, rapping sound struck his ear, sharp, regular as the tree-tapping of a cock-o'-the-woods.

Indifferently convinced that the great, noisy woodpecker was the cause of the racket, he rode on toward the hardwood ridge dominating this plateau where his guests, last season, had shot woodcock—one of the charges in the suit against him.

"The thing to do," he ruminated, "is to throw myself gracefully on her mercy. Women like to have a chance to forgive you; Louis says so, and he ought to know. What a devilishly noisy woodpecker!"

And, looking up, he drew bridle sharply.

For there, on the wood's edge, stood a familiar gray mare, and in the saddle, astride, sat Alida Ascott, busily hammering tacks into a trespass notice printed on white muslin, and attached to the trunk of a big maple tree.

So absorbed was she in her hammering that at first she neither heard nor saw Portlaw when he finally ventured to advance; and, when she did, she dropped the tack-hammer in her astonishment.

He dismounted, with pain, to pick it up, presented it, face wreathed in a series of appealing smiles, then, managing to scale the side of his horse again, settled himself as comfortably as possible for the impending conflict.

But Alida Ascott, in her boyish riding breeches and deep-skirted coat, merely nodded her thanks, took hold of the hammer firmly, and drove in more tacks, paying no further attention to William Van Buren Portlaw and his heartrending smiles.

It was very embarrassing; he sidled his horse around so that he might catch a glimpse of her profile. The view he obtained was not encouraging.

"Alida," he ventured plaintively.

"Mr. Portlaw"—so suddenly swinging on him that he lost all countenance and blurted out:

"I—I only want to make amends and be friends."

"I expect you to make amends," she said in a significantly quiet voice, which chilled him with the menace of damages unlimited. And, even in his perturbation, he saw at once that it would never do to have a backwoods jury look upon the fascinating countenance of this young plaintiff.

"Alida," he said sorrowfully, "I am beginning to see things in a clearer light."

"I think that light will grow very much clearer, Mr. Portlaw."

He repressed a shudder, and tried to look reproachful, but she seemed to be very hard-hearted, for she turned once more to her hammering.

"Alida!"

"What?" continuing to drive tacks.

"After all these years of friendship it—it is perfectly painful for me to contemplate a possible lawsuit ——"

"It will be more painful to contemplate an actual one, Mr. Portlaw."

"Alida, do you really mean that you—my neighbor and friend—are going to press this unnatural complaint?"

"I certainly do."

Portlaw shook his head violently, and passed his gloved hand over his eyes as though to rouse himself from a distressing dream; all of which expressive pantomime was lost on Mrs. Ascott, who was busy driving tacks.

"I simply cannot credit my senses," he said mournfully.

"You ought to try; it will be still more difficult later," she observed, backing her horse so that she might inspect her handiwork from the proper point of view.

Portlaw looked askance at the sign. It warned people not to shoot, fish, cut trees, dam streams or build fires under penalty of the law; and was signed, "Alida Ascott."

"You didn't have any up before, did you?" he asked innocently.

"By advice of counsel I think I had better not reply, Mr. Portlaw. But I believe that point will be brought out by my lawyers—unless"—with a brilliant smile—"your own counsel sees fit to discuss it."

Portlaw was convinced that his hair was stirring under his cap. He was horribly afraid of the law.

"See here, Alida," he said, assuming the bluff rough-diamond front which the alarm in his eyes made foolish, "I want to settle this little difference and be friends with you again. I was wrong; I admit it. . . . Of course, I might very easily defend such a suit ——"

"But, of course"—serenely undeceived—"as you admit you are in the wrong you will scarcely venture to defend such a suit. *Your* lawyers ought to forbid *you* to talk about this case, particularly"—with a demure smile—"to the plaintiff."

"Alida," he said, "I am determined to remain your friend. You may do what you will, say what you wish, yes, even use my own words against me, but"—and virtue fairly exuded from every perspiring pore—"I will not retaliate!"

"I'm afraid you can't, William," she said softly.

"Won't you—forgive?" he asked in a melting voice; but his eyes were round with apprehension.

"There are some things that no woman can overlook," she said.

"I'll send my men down to fix that bridge ——"

"Bridges can be mended; I was not speaking of the bridge."

"You mean those sheep ——"

"No, Mr. Portlaw."

"Well, there's a lot—I mean that some little sand has been washed over your meadow ——"

"Good-night," she said, turning her horse's head.

"Isn't it the sand, Alida?" he pleaded! "You surely will forgive that timber-cutting—and the shooting of a few migratory birds ——"

"Good-night," touching her gray mare forward to where he was awkwardly blocking the woodpath. . . . "Do you mind moving a trifle, Mr. Portlaw?"

"About—ah—the—down there, you know, at Palm Beach," he stammered, "at that accursed lawn-party ——"

"Yes?" She smiled, but her eyes harbored lightning.

"It was so hot in Florida—you know how infernally hot it was, don't you, Alida?" he asked beseechingly. "I scarcely dared leave the Beach Club."

"Well?"

"I—I thought I'd just m-m-mention it. That's why I didn't call on you—I was afraid of sunstroke ——"

"What!" she exclaimed, astonished at his stuttering audacity.

He knew he was absurd, but it was all he could think of. She gave him time enough to realize the pitiable spectacle he was making of himself, sitting her horse motionless, pretty eyes bent on his—an almost faultless though slight figure, smooth as a girl's yet faintly instinct with that charm of ripened adolescence just short of maturity.

And, slowly, under her clear gaze, a confused comprehension began to stir in him—at first only a sort of chagrin, then something more—a consciousness of his own heaviness of intellect and grossness of figure—the fatness of mind and body which had developed so rapidly within the last two years.

There she sat, as slim and pretty and fresh as ever; and only two years ago he had been mentally and physically active enough to find vigorous amusement in her company. Malcourt's stinging words concerning his bodily unloveliness and self-centred inertia came into his mind, and a slow blush deepened the color in his heavy face.

What vanity he had reckoned on had deserted him along with any hope of compromising a case only too palpably against him. And yet, through the rudiments of better feeling awakening within him, the instinct of thrift still colored his ideas a little.

"I'm dead wrong, Alida. We might just as well save fees and costs and go over the damages together. . . . I'll pay them. I ought to, anyway. I suppose I don't usually do what I ought. Malcourt says I don't—said so very severely—very mortifyingly the other day. So—if you'll get him or your own men to decide on the amount ——"

"Do you think the amount matters?"

"Oh, of course, it's principle; very proper of you to stand on your dignity ——"

"I am not standing on it now; I am listening to your utter misapprehension of me and my motives. . . . I don't care for any—damages."

"It is perfectly proper for you to claim them, if," he added cautiously, "they are within reason ——"

"Mr. Portlaw!"

"What?" he asked, alarmed.

"I would not touch a penny! I meant to give it to the school here—whatever I recovered. . . . Your misunderstanding of me is abominable!"

He hung his head, heavy-witted, confused as a stupid schoolboy, feeling, helplessly, his clumsiness of mind and body.

Something of this may have been perceptible to her—may have softened her ideas concerning him—ideas which had accumulated bitterness during the year of his misbehavior and selfish neglect. Her instinct divined in his apparently sullen attitude the slow intelligence and mental perturbation of a willful, selfish boy made stupid through idleness and self-indulgence. Even what had been clean-cut, attractive, in his face and figure was being marred and coarsened by his slothful habits to an extent that secretly dismayed her; for she had always thought him very handsome; and, with that natural perversity of selection, finding in him a perfect foil to her own character, had been seriously inclined to like him.

Attractions begin in that way, sometimes, where the gentler is the stronger, the frailer the dominant character, and the root is in the feminine instinct to care for, develop and make the most of what palpably needs a protectorate.

Without comprehending her own instinct, Mrs. Ascott had found the preliminary moulding of Portlaw an agreeable diversion; had rather taken for granted that she was doing him good, and was correspondingly annoyed when he parted his moorings and started drifting aimlessly as a derelict scow awash, floundering seaward without further notice of the trim little tug standing by and amiably ready to act as convoy.

Now, sitting her saddle in silence, she surveyed him, striving to understand him—his recent indifference, his deterioration, the present figure he was cutting. And it seemed to her a trifle sad that he had no one to tell him a few wholesome truths

"Mr. Portlaw," she said, "do you know that you have been exceedingly rude to me?"

"There's a Middle Course Between Diamonds and 'Sinkers'"

"Yes, I—do. I know it," he acknowledged.

"Why?" she asked simply.

"I don't know."

"Didn't you care for our friendship? Didn't it amuse and interest you? How could you have done the things you did—in the way you did? . . . If you had asked my permission to build a dozen dams I'd have given it. Didn't you know it? But my self-respect protested when you so cynically ignored me ——"

"I'm a beast, all right," he muttered.

She gazed at him, softened, even faintly amused at his repentant bad-boy attitude.

"Do you want me to forgive you, Mr. Portlaw?"

"Yes—but you oughtn't."

"That is quite true. . . . Turn your horse and ride back with me. I'm going to find out exactly how repentant you really are. . . . If you pass a decent examination you may dine with Miss Palliser, Mr. Wayward and me. It's too late anyway to return through the forest. . . . I'll send you over in the motor."

And as they wheeled and walked their horses forward through the dusk, she said impulsively:

"We have four for Bridge if you like."

"Alida," he said sincerely, "you *are* a corker."

She looked up demurely. What she could see to interest her in this lump of a man Heaven alone knew, but a hint of the old half-patient, half-amused liking for him and his slow wits began to flicker once more. *De gustibus*—alas!

CHAPTER XXV

WHEN Portlaw arrived home late that evening there existed within his somewhat ordinary intellect a sense of triumph. The weak usually experience it at the beginning and through every step of their own subjugation—when the woman is clever.

Malcourt, having decided to take an express which stopped on signal at six in the morning, was reading as usual before the empty fireplace; and at the first glance he suspected what had begun to happen to Portlaw.

The latter bustled about the room with an air of more or less importance, sorted his letters, fussed with a newspaper; and, every now and then, Malcourt, glancing up, caught Portlaw's eyes peeping triumphantly around the corner at him.

"You've been riding?" he said, much amused. "Are you stiff?"

"A trifle," replied the other carelessly. "I must keep it up. Really, you know, I've rather neglected the horses lately."

"Rather. So you've taking up riding again?"

Portlaw nodded: "I've come to the conclusion that I need exercise."

Malcourt, who had been urging him for years to exercise, nodded approval as though the suggestion were a brand-new one.

"Yes," said Portlaw, "I shall ride, I think, every day. I intend to do a good bit of tramping, too. It's excellent for the liver, Louis."

At this piece of inspired information Malcourt assumed an expression of deepest interest, but hoped Portlaw might not overdo it.

"I'm going to diet, too," observed Portlaw, watching the effect of this astounding statement on his superintendent. "My theory is that we all eat too much."

"Don't do anything Spartan," said Malcourt warningly; "a man at your time of life ——"

"M what! Confound it, Louis, I'm well this side of forty!"

"Yes, perhaps; but when a man reaches your age there is not much left for him but the happiness of overeating ——"

"What d'y' mean?"

"Nothing: only as he's out of the race with younger men as far as a pretty woman is concerned ——"

"Who's out?" demanded Portlaw, red in the face. "What sort of men do you suppose interest women? Broilers? I always thought your knowledge of women was superficial; now I know it. And you don't know everything about everything else, either—about summonses and lawsuits, for example." And he cast an exultant look at his superintendent.

But Malcourt let him tell the news in his own way; and he did, imparting it in bits with naïve enjoyment, apparently utterly unconscious that he was doing exactly what his superintendent had told him to do.

"You *are* a diplomat, aren't you?" said Malcourt with a weary smile.

"A little, a little," admitted Portlaw modestly. "I merely mentioned these things ——" He waved his hand to check any possible eulogy of himself from Malcourt. "I'll merely say this: that when I make up my mind to settle anything ——" He waved his hand again, condescendingly.

"That man," thought Malcourt, "will be done for in a year. Any woman could have had him; the deuce of it

(Continued on Page 25)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Hate is a good runner, but Love jumps all fences.

¶ She calls it pin-money because she sticks you for it.

¶ Only the wise man is uncertain; ignorance never doubts.

¶ The man who makes friends easily has small reason to be proud of his product.

Limits of Public Control

IN NEW YORK and Chicago the question of the Government's duty in respect to a public service corporation comes up in somewhat novel guise: in the former, in relation to ferries; in the latter, in relation to elevated roads.

Those elevated roads have never been really profitable. To build a mile of them cost ten times as much as to build a mile of surface road with equal carrying capacity. Each of the four Chicago companies has passed through reorganization. There is not much water in the capitalization, which consists, roughly, of forty-five millions of bonds and a like amount of stock. No dividends are paid on any of the stock. It has been said that the money actually invested has not paid, from the beginning, more than two per cent. a year. The system comprises a hundred miles of track and carries about four hundred thousand passengers a day—a utility highly important to the public.

Loud public demand for better service arises, led by the mayor. Admittedly, the service could stand much improvement; but security-holders argue that the service they are already giving is confiscatory and unconstitutional, inasmuch as it yields no fair profit on the capital.

The Brooklyn Ferry Company is in a somewhat similar state.

Government regulation, or even Government ownership, of public utilities cannot accomplish its ideal of all service and no profits, any more than unrestricted private ownership can accomplish its ideal of all profits and no service.

Control or ownership can only, at its very best, get out of a nickel what there is in it, and no more—a fact which, as control or ownership is more extensively applied, is likely to cause some disappointment.

Mr. Morgan's Degree

WE SHOULD like to attach a greater significance to that degree of Doctor of Laws, bestowed by Yale upon J. P. Morgan, than the facts really warrant.

It was a celebrated divine, we believe, lecturing in a fresh-water college town, who was waited upon by a deputation of the Faculty and informed, with a solemnity befitting the occasion, that the college had decided to give him an honorary degree. "We came," said the spokesman, "to inquire whether you have a preference in the matter"

"If equally convenient," replied the divine, "I prefer a degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery. I recollect that I have fewer of that kind than of any other."

Whatever else an honorary degree may mean, it usually doesn't mean what it says.

Mr. Morgan has been the great mediator and reconciler. He settled the hard-coal industry upon a permanently peaceful basis; reorganized the jarring and chaotic Southern Railway; accommodated the differences between Carnegie and other steel-makers by forming the Steel Trust.

These were services of great practical advantage. The same general principle is discoverable in them. "He let Mr. Carnegie," says an admirer, "name his own price," because, if he could thereby secure a monopolistic position in steel; no matter what the price was, the public would have to pay the freight.

What we should like to understand by the degree is that Yale and Mr. Morgan, typifying the Academic and the Practical, are drawing nearer together. An academician could have pointed out that hard-coal and steel mediation, however satisfactory to both parties to the quarrel, is bound in time to arouse more or less dissatisfaction in a third party—namely, the consuming public. With that dissatisfaction finance now has to deal.

The March of Mexico

WAS it not in Constantinople, long ago, that the grand vizier formed his judgment of the popularity of the government's measures by counting up how many bakers had been assassinated over night?

By some means the attitude of a people toward their government must express itself. A small insurrection in Mexico calls attention to the exceeding rarity, in later years, of such events in a country where they were once a staple occurrence—publishable in set form, like the baseball scores and receipts of wheat at Chicago. That Diaz's thirty-year rule—albeit not patterned to our taste—is satisfactory to the body of his subjects seems a fair conclusion.

In government revenue and foreign trade Mexico now ranks with Sweden. Her foreign trade is two-thirds that of Spain. She has more miles of railway and telegraph than Italy.

This important industrial position is almost altogether a creation of Diaz's government. Under his beneficent régime, our merchandise trade with Mexico has increased elevenfold.

The United States' trade with Mexico is as great as with China and Japan combined; sixty per cent. as great as with Canada; very nearly as great as with France; five times as great as with Spain. Excepting England, Germany and France, there is no European country with which we have as large a trade as with Mexico.

Exactly how far Mexicans have advanced toward liberty under Diaz is a difficult question. That he has put their house in order and vastly increased material prosperity are patent and not unimportant facts.

Making Safe the Bank Deposit

INSURANCE of bank deposits, whether or not particularly serviceable as a political issue, is a subject that is likely to attract increasing attention.

Most of the banks in Manhattan and Brooklyn that closed during last fall's panic have since reopened, with every promise that depositors will be paid in full. Deposits in the national banks of the country are now practically as great as a year ago. No anxiety concerning them exists anywhere, but the cash reserve at all the reserve cities taken together is only three per cent. more than at the last statement before the panic.

In other words, the actual condition of the banks had little or nothing to do with it. The trouble was due to a state of mind. Depositors were fear-stricken—or, more accurately speaking, bankers became afraid that depositors would become afraid. To that fear is attributable the violent money derangement from the effects of which we still suffer.

We think it entirely feasible so to insure deposits that probability of a recurrence of that disastrous state of mind will be decidedly lessened; that, also, considerable money which now lies useless in private hoards will be put in bank and go to swell the country's working cash capital.

Various schemes of insurance heretofore proposed may be objectionable in some details. Defects of detail may always be corrected. Opposition of individual bankers on merely selfish grounds is entitled to no consideration. The question is too large for that.

A Sad Falling Off Here

NOTWITHSTANDING the spring boom, the Stock Exchange closed the half-year with a scandalous record. Only eighty-five million shares were handled in the six months, of a total par value just about half what it should have been, judging by the total of the flourishing times of 1905 and 1906. The total, that is, was hardly equal to the whole amount of railroad stocks outstanding in the United States.

Expressed in the common unit of a one-hundred-share lot, there were about six hundred thousand fewer "trades" than there ought to have been; and, if we assume that the average "trader" accomplishes fifty transactions before he is retired, we have the astonishing conclusion that the number of persons who were trying to get money by working for it—instead of getting it for nothing by a lucky guess of the market—was greater by twelve thousand during the half-year recently closed than in the like period of 1905 and 1906. Bond transactions reflect the same humble, saving spirit, sales of coupon securities having been nearly twice as great in 1908 as in the year before. Altogether the record suggests a backward step toward the quaint old notions that work and thrift are the practicable thoroughfares to a competence.

The Fate of Romeo

ONCE more has a real-life Romeo, to employ a colloquialism, "got his."

This particular Romeo was passioning in an Arkansas Juliet's garden. "Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear, that tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops," quoth he. Whereupon Pa, unable longer to restrain his impatience, opened the pantry window and let fly with both barrels.

Romeo spent the next two hours in the hands of the doctors while they picked the birdshot and poesy out of him.

We hate to say it, but our sympathies are altogether with Pa. Love-making is the grand staple of poetry, drama and fiction; but in life it is the most annoying of all phenomena.

Witnessing the immortal balcony scene upon the stage, our breast is suffused with pure and tender emotion. Witnessing it in real life, we instantly put down the young man for an idiot and the young woman—to judge her in the kindliest possible manner—for an exceedingly indiscreet female.

We have known middle-aged ladies to sigh, moist-eyed, over the love-making of the poor in fiction, and grow purple with wrath at catching the iceman kissing the cook; and younger sisters who devoured the love-makingest novels they could find, but wished to know, indignantly, whether the police weren't going to stop this disgusting spectacle of spooning in the Park.

There should be romance in literature. It is the only place where people will tolerate it.

A Loud Noise Producer

WE ARE afraid of snakes, they say, because snakes eat young monkeys, and the paternal solicitude of our arboreal ancestors implanted the instinctive fear deep in our natures.

Many other curious instances of the survival of motives might be cited; but the one which happens particularly to interest us just now is found in a report that a certain faction of the Democratic organization has decided to defeat Bryan in order to eliminate him from politics and pave the way for a candidate to its taste in 1912. This would settle the election—perhaps—but for the possibility that some Republican bosses may decide to defeat Taft for a like reason.

Imputing to political bosses power to control a national election falls in the same category, scientifically, as the act of shuddering at a garter-snake. It is a survival from the monkey state. In point of time, that state is somewhat further removed physiologically than it is politically; but the removal has occurred in both cases. It was the boa-constrictors of the organization, it will be recalled, who defeated Cleveland in 1892, elected Parker in 1904 and prevented Taft's nomination last month.

The genuine, crafty, dark-lantern, old-line political boss now exists for the same purposes as a drum—to make a loud, hollow noise and be beaten.

Sparing the Rod

"TAKE him home and thrash him soundly. What most bad boys need nowadays is to be licked as we were when we were boys." So a judge sapiently counseled the father of a fifteen-year-old "incorrigible."

But the judge forgot, or had never learned, that this fifteen-year-old delinquent is not at all the boy that he was at fifteen, when he robbed the neighbor's orchard and meekly suffered the retributive trunk-strap.

This boy is fifty years older as the clock marks time, and much more than that in the march of civilization. There is no more intelligence in punishing a fifteen-year-old as such lads were punished fifty and a hundred years ago than there would be in punishing a fifty-year-old as men were then punished.

The boy no less than the man has absorbed the feeling of his own time. Tom Jones, as we recollect it, was considerably more than fifteen when he was hoisted to the butler's back and virtuously fustigated by the tutor. He submitted himself—though with many mental reservations—to the hand of Established Order operating in that conventional manner. A male person of Tom's years and inches nowadays who would take a beating from his tutor without putting up the best fight there was in him would hardly serve as a model for a young gentleman of high spirit.

The world's view of cudgels has changed. A fifteen-year-old boy is a citizen of the world even as a sixty-year-old man. Or even more so.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Big Bill's Brother Charley

YOU may have noticed in many group photographs of Big Bill Taft Welcoming the Notification Committee, Taft on the Steps of His Cincinnati House, Taft Shaking Hands with Sherman, Taft Speaking to His Old Neighbors and Friends, and other momentous pictorial records of the days of the Republican candidate for President—you may have noticed in these groups the picture of a smallish person, with one of those alert and inquisitive beards that curve out violently from a severe part down the centre, one of those beards that look as if their proud and happy owners had no other occupation in life except to brush it and a carefully-trained mustache. You may have observed that this smallish person is in the picture every time. Committeemen and chairmen and candidates and neighbors and family may go and come as props in the Big Bill Taft pictures, but the person with the whisked whiskers is always there.

And why not? That smallish person who has his beard so carefully manicured is Brother Charley. That is the operating company. That is the Chairman of the Board of the Taft Presidential Movement. To be sure, there was a Chief Executive in Washington and two branch companies, one in Washington and one in Columbus, but Brother Charley was the operating company just the same. He is the man who paid the freight. Rather important in the movement, don't you think?

About three years ago the Wolff Boys, of Columbus, owning a couple of newspapers and some big factories, and carrying as a side line a fine assortment of undying hatred for Joseph Benson Foraker, erstwhile—but now mostly erst—favorite son of Ohio, looked the field over in consultation with a lawyer friend of theirs named Huggins. Soon afterward they went to Cincinnati and called on Brother Charley.

"Charley," they said, "we have discovered a crying need in the Taft family, have dug up a long-felt want. You have had two Secretaries of War in this family and a Minister to Russia, to say nothing of the other offices Brother Bill has held, and what you must have, now, is a President. The Taft family needs a President to add more lustre to the roll-call of its father and its sons."

Brother Charley pulled his whiskers. "B'jinks!" he said, "I had never thought of that. I guess we had better lay one in."

Whereupon eventualities began to event until the culmination in Chicago in June of that convention which had all the cheers for T. Roosevelt and all the votes for Brother Bill Taft. Active and energetic, accustomed to get what the family needed, Brother Charley loosened up in magnificent style and Brother Bill took down the prize. Whatever the outcome may be in November, no one can say Brother Charley was not always on the job of nominating Brother Bill from the moment the desirability of having a Taft President was called to his attention.

The love, loyalty, regard and liberality of Brother Charley have been the more marked because he and Brother Bill are not real brothers, but half brothers. Charles is the son of the late Alphonso Taft—a Secretary of War and a diplomat in his time—and his first wife; and William H. is the son of the second wife. There are other Taft brothers, too, a covey of them, and the way they have been whooping it up for Brother Bill has been a notable object-lesson in brotherly affection, with a few incidental side whoops for the family itself.

Where the Money Came From

BROTHER CHARLEY has always lived in Cincinnati. The other Tafts mostly left home, but Charles remained at the point of origin. While the other Tafts have been devoting themselves to the pleasing pastime of gathering in political and legal honors elsewhere, Charles has been on the spot in Cincinnati, and if there is anything in that busy city he has not gathered in it has escaped the notice of such people as have cared to inquire. Originally a lawyer, he later became the owner of a newspaper, which he built into a great property, the while accumulating such trifles of Cincinnati *bijouterie* as large sections of the gas works, the electric-light works, the street-car lines and a few other trifles, and, also, marrying the only daughter of one of Cincinnati's richest men, which helped some.

There is a citizen in Cincinnati named George B. Cox, large and two-fisted, now the president of a trust company, who sits behind a mahogany desk with stacks of money around him, and is a leading banker. Time was when he stood behind another kind of mahogany, perhaps it was cherry, furniture—a bar, to be exact—but that only goes to show that true merit cannot be held in check. This Mr. Cox early developed a desire to conduct the Republican politics of Hamilton County, of which Cincinnati is the fairest jewel, and being somewhat set in his opinions, and ardent in temperament, he had his way. He was the boss of Hamilton County, a boss who built up a machine that never slipped a cog.

The Person with the Whisked Whiskers Is Always There

Brother Charley's paper was Republican in politics. Naturally, it supported Cox, for Cox dominated the Republican organization. As Cox grew in power the paper increased in influence. Pretty soon Cox, with his organization, and Taft, with his paper, were supreme. There were times when they did not play ball together, but usually they were reasonably in accord. Then, one day, two or three years ago, Brother Bill strolled casually out to Akron while a State fight was going on, and emitted a few thoughts on the Cox question. He allowed that no Republican in Cincinnati, or elsewhere, who had the good of the party at heart, would vote for any Cox ticket whatsoever, and said other things calculated to make Mr. Cox see red and to cause Brother Charley to brush his whiskers rapidly. The result of this incidental incursion into State politics was that Mr. Cox's various candidates were badly defeated.

Then the Taft Presidential movement began, and Mr. Cox sat in his bank and breathed stertorously. One day Brother Charley came into the bank and had a talk with Mr. Cox. It wasn't a long talk, but it seems to have had elements of effectiveness about it, for, soon afterward, Cox announced he was heart and soul for William H. Taft for President, and he did the trick at the conventions, to say nothing of sending a plug-hatted marching club up to Chicago to parade around and shout for Brother Bill. When Mr. Cox is convinced, he is always thoroughly convinced. He became a good, tractable Taft man, forgiving—mayhap, not forgetting—but forgiving those burning words of Brother Bill's at Akron.

A Patron of Billiards and Baseball

THIS little affair disposed of, Brother Charley branched out. He was the busiest little cup of tea in the United States. It takes money to nominate a Presidential candidate, much money if it is used illegitimately and quite a hunk if it is spent legitimately. There has been no complaint that any money was wrongfully spent in the Taft campaign, but a good deal was spent, at that, and whenever any was needed Brother Charley came marching to the front waving a check in each hand. Having decided to lay in a Presidential nomination he laid one in. He paid the freight.

His success with his newspaper, which is a great property, with his various other Cincinnati enterprises and with his campaign for his brother's nomination for President furnish tribute enough to the highly-developed business acumen of Brother Charley. Personally, he is an affable and soft-spoken man, well liked by his employees and his neighbors. His recreation is baseball. He is one of the most ardent enthusiasts in the country. He owns, or did own, a big interest in one of the Chicago teams, which is another proof that he can make almost anything pay, for the club has been making money ever since he has had an interest in it. He was a great friend of Anson, the famous first baseman, and helped Anson finance a billiard hall in Chicago.

Being a business man, Brother Charley went about getting delegates for Brother Bill in a businesslike way. There was no flubdub about it. He employed good men to act as campaign managers, and he got his results. Now, he is reaping his reward by having his picture taken in the Brother Bill groups—an innocent pastime.

The moral of it all is that one of the best ways to get a Presidential nomination is to have a Brother Charley. Future aspirants would do well to make the necessary arrangements at once.

How Hill Replied

SOME years ago the province of Manitoba wanted to transfer to McKenzie and Mann, the owners of the Canadian Northern, a railway that was a burden to the province.

There are advocates of Government ownership of all railways in Manitoba, as elsewhere, and these men protested. They said the road should remain the property of Manitoba. They organized a committee and went to Ottawa.

They protested to Parliament, but made little progress. McKenzie and Mann wanted the road and it seemed the right thing to let them have it. While the committee was in Ottawa either McKenzie or Mann was there, too, watching the committee.

James J. Hill, the great American railroad man, was reaching up into the Northwest, and the Government ownership people from Manitoba decided to bring Hill into the game, pit him against McKenzie and Mann and make trouble all around. They sent a long telegram to Hill, detailing their plan, and retired to a convenient waiting place to see what happened.

After a time the door burst open and big Dan Mann, six feet three by three feet six, blocked the doorway. "What are you skunks wiring Jim Hill for?" he thundered.

One man objected to the designation. "I am no skunk," he said, "and we have sent no wire to Jim Hill."

"Well," shouted Mann, as he stepped forward and spread a telegram out on the table, "perhaps you haven't, but there's your answer."

And when the Government ownership committee had the nerve to read the telegram they found it was a copy of their own telegram to Hill, wired back by Hill to McKenzie and Mann, which shows whatever you think it should.

The Seven Overcoats

DR. EDWARD BEDLOE, globe-trotter, was discoursing on the shrewdness of mercantile people.

"You may say what you please," he remarked, "but the merchants of France are as shrewd as any. I recall an instance when a man I knew who kept a clothing store in Paris had forty-nine overcoats he could not sell. He went to a friend and explained his predicament. 'I have marked the overcoats down fifty per cent.,' he said, 'and still they will not buy. What shall I do?'

"'I will give you a list of seven merchants in our line in Lyons, Marseilles, Cherbourg and elsewhere,' the friend replied. 'Do this: Send seven overcoats to each of these merchants, but send an invoice for six only. They will think it a mistake and will take advantage of it.'

"Next week the overcoat man rushed into his friend's store wild with rage. 'Fine advice you gave me!' he shouted. 'Each one of the merchants to whom I sent seven overcoats and invoiced only six returned the six mentioned in the invoice and kept the extra one.'"

The State of Martini

A BILL was introduced in the New York Legislature looking to the division of New York State into two States, one to be that portion below the Harlem River and the other all that land north of the river.

Representative Jacob Ruppert, Jr., of New York, was asked about it.

"Fine," he said. "What are they going to call the new States?"

"The proposition is to call the State below the Harlem River the State of Manhattan."

"Good," exclaimed Ruppert. "And I suppose they will call the other State Martini."

HEINZ Vi

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All materials entering into Heinz Vinegars are carefully selected for quality and fitness. All processes are the result of l and are carried through with that degree of exactness which insures uniformity in result. All the surroundings of our vineg characterized by the Heinz standard of cleanliness. All Heinz Vinegars are fully aged and ripened; are of superior streng and notable in their absence of harshness. There is but one object—QUALITY.

All Heinz Vinegars comply with National and State Food Laws.

Cider vinegar, popular in America since Colonial days, still retains the preference, but in these times of extensive food adulteration and effort for cheapness in all products, true cider vinegar has been hard to obtain and often unsatisfactory at best. Only those who use Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar can fully appreciate its superiority over the best old-fashioned product of former days—while between it and the competitive product of the present there can be no comparison.

Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar is the whole apple juice of the first pressing. The apples used are the finest varieties known for vinegar making, pressed by approved methods in Heinz own establishments located at the best growing centers.

The pure juice—"spicy" and aromatic—then passes through Heinz process of fermentation and thorough refinement, converting it after many months of time into a fully matured vinegar of brilliancy and perfect flavor. Others of Heinz Pure Vinegars are:

Heinz Malt Vinegar. Brewed from fine barley malt by Heinz special process. A product *par excellence* for use where an especially high class table vinegar is desired. Rich, full flavored, smooth and mellow—pleasing in aroma.

Heinz White Pickling Vinegar. To the superior quality of Heinz Vinegars is due the well-known excellence of Heinz Pickles. There is a suggestion in this thought for every housewife who desires the best material for her home pickling and preserving. Superior also for table use, ideal for salad dressings and all uses where a colorless vinegar is desired—perfectly healthful.

Heinz Pure Vinegars are obtainable from most reliable grocers in bulk; also in factory-sealed bottles and jugs. Grocers are authorized to refund purchase price if any of Heinz Products fail to please. Let us send our special Booklet on Vinegars.

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—And it means just what it says—PURE OLIVE OIL.

Nothing is added nor taken away. It contains the delicately sweet flavor, the rare, greenish golden hue, noticeable only in the virgin product of the best selected fruit.

Heinz Pure Olive Oil comes to you direct from Seville, Spain, where Heinz Olive industries are located. It is pressed from special varieties of olives that are superior for their yield of high-grade oil of proper flavor. The product is then mellowed and refined through a long perfecting stage, resulting in that peculiarly inviting fruit savor—that delicate tinge of color—which characterize first-class olive oil.

Make sure you get *real* olive oil by asking for Heinz—sold in bottles, also cans of convenient size. Ideal for salads and dressings, mixing perfectly—most wholesome and healthful for every use.

Others of Heinz 57 worthy of your table are Sweet Pickles; Fruit Preserves, Jellies and Butters; Mandalay Sauce, Baked Beans, Tomato Soup, etc. Their preparation is yearly witnessed by 30,000 visitors. If you cannot come, read the interesting story in our booklet, sent free. Also ask for special book on "The Olive and Its Oil."

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, **New York—Pittsburgh—Chicago—London**

Speculation—By Our Readers

One Week in Wall Street

MY EXPERIENCE with speculation has been disastrous. I have in my library a book that cost me four hundred and eighty-five dollars. It is all I got out of my first venture. My first year out of college, I caught the mad fever in New York and, on the "tip" of a more sophisticated youth, walked into a broker's one day and, trembling all over, bought one hundred Pacific Mail. Inside of a week I received a check for fifteen dollars (balance due me from my margin of five hundred dollars), and a copy of a book of Wall Street recollections. Perhaps, I might have studied this with profit a little earlier.

Off and on for six or seven years I gambled on margin. For one of my small resources I have lost heavily—probably fifty per cent. of my capital. Outside of railroad stocks, I speculated once in cotton and lost.

What conclusions have I drawn and what lessons have I learned?

Let me say that I consider newspaper publicity one of the prime causes of widespread speculation. In New York, especially—but, for that matter, in all the cities of the country—space is given to the speculative markets out of all proportion to their importance. Day after day, the newspaper reader is confronted with changes in quotations, as though the stock of a great railroad were worth 98 yesterday, 99 to-day, 97 to-morrow.

The lesson I have learned is the necessity of leaving speculation alone entirely, or making a business of it to the exclusion of everything else. I am one of those who believe that the great exchanges—stock, grain and others—are needed in business. Bucket-shops should be rigidly exterminated, tipsters' advertisements barred from the mails, and a margin of not less than 25 per cent. required of brokers' customers by law.

The business of the exchanges must be cleaned up and made respectable. The governors of the great exchanges should see to this, for, if they do not, there may be more drastic legislation than would be to their best interests, or, possibly, those of the country at large. —S. B.

'Ware the Tip!

ONE of the most serious and common evils of trading in stocks has its beginning in the so-called "tip"—the piece of "inside" information voluntarily offered the prospective buyer and too often accepted in good faith. Frequently my losses in the Street were due to "tips" from friends connected with various banks and companies. Being furnished with advance or inside information I would act upon it prematurely, being ignorant of the exact time when the news was to go forth. Like other people, it was natural for me to buy all of the stock that I could upon a ten per cent. margin, then, if there was an adverse and unusual market movement, and I was called upon for more money, it was difficult for me to raise it, and at the finish I would be sold out by my broker

At the time of the flotation of Amalgamated Copper they allotted me one hundred shares, and this I held on to, through thick and thin, ups and downs, although the ups after the first week of its existence never passed par.

I confidently waited for two years for it to go to one hundred and twenty, which was my selling figure. Then a friend got in his deadly work. He was a confidential man of the company, and knew that they were storing tons and tons of copper in order to sustain the high price of the metal, also that heavy stockholders were selling out and going short against the day when the public learned the true facts. I sold out at ninety-four and, in addition, went short one hundred shares, expecting to cover at about sixty

Within ten days, Tom Lawson and Senator Clark commenced their Amalgamated campaign, and the stock rose and rose until it had passed 130. At 116 my cupboard was bare, and my broker bought in stock to deliver to the gentleman who had paid me 94 while I mourned a departed $2200, and, to add to my anguish, I was minus the profit that I should have had upon the stock that I had held so long It should be remembered that the Street sings: "He who sells what isn't his'n is pretty sure to go to prison."

Another case: I bought one hundred shares of Continental Tobacco because, through a banking friend, I knew that a millionaire tobacco man in Detroit was buying heavily through his bank. Continental declined, but I was not dismayed, for the Detroit man ordered the bank to buy him a thousand shares on each point decline. I stayed in the game until once more that thrice-cursed matter of margins obtruded itself, and another loss and another experience were woven into my "memory book."

In both cases I lost through "tips" and thin margins; for, eventually, the two stocks would have paid me handsomely. Reform is sorely needed in the matter of margins. If people will insist upon playing a game they do not know, then protect them against themselves by fixing the limit for margins at 20 or 30 per cent. This will check their greed, and give them some protection against financial earthquakes. —L. T. S.

The Market-Place and Its Trade

WITH a working capital of three thousand dollars I took out of the stock market in one year a trifle over five thousand dollars. It was during the morning session on June 15, 1904, that I bought fifty shares of Erie Common through my brokers, and inside of one year I had succeeded in making my money earn me one hundred and sixty-six per cent.

My trading was not alone confined to Erie. I bought, in one instance, fifty shares of United States Steel Preferred, twenty shares at 61, and thirty shares, a week later, at 59. It then went down to 51½. As I had bought it outright, and the stock was paying seven per cent. dividend, I was not in the least worried. I sold it at a fraction above 80, thus receiving on this one transaction alone one-fifth of my total profits for the year.

I used this stock as a collateral for many of my deals, while it was on its way up to my selling point. From June 15 to November 10 I had traded in Erie to the extent of seven hundred and fifty shares on a range of prices from 24 to 33¾, taking profits thereon from 1¾ to 5 points. With one lot of one hundred shares I even did better, buying at 31¾ net and closing at 38, yielding a profit of six hundred and twenty-five dollars.

My trading since then has varied, extending to nearly all the leading stocks on the board with the possible exception of Tennessee Coal and Iron, and Anaconda, and the higher-priced stocks like Delaware, Lackawanna and Western. Yes, I invested my money in the grain market also, and one day closed out some deals that I had been holding for several months at a loss of not less than fifteen hundred dollars.

Now, by this frank admission I do not wish any one to get the impression that all my deals in the wheat pit resulted so disastrously, for such has not been the case, but summing up these transactions I find that the wheat pit is still indebted to me for some of the money which I had taken from the stock market.

I have taken heavy losses in the stock market also, and the man who hasn't is the man who has not traded heavily. During the Lawson slump, on December 8, 1905, I lost considerable money, but by prompt action, when I discovered that it was really a slump, I closed out all my holdings with a net profit of about five hundred dollars. This was all done before eleven o'clock one morning.

The losses that I have sustained in my trading in stocks have not been so much the result of bad judgment as they have been that of overtrading—that is, having more stocks on margin than I was able to take care of when any unforeseen break would come, like that caused by the San Francisco disaster; or by overstaying the market—that is, continuing to trade, we will say, on the long side of the market when it is quite evident that prices cannot go much higher because their intrinsic or earning value will not warrant it. We all do it, but, to my way of thinking, it is just as foolish to do this sort of thing as it was for a manufacturer to buy more of the raw material than was necessary to fill his immediate orders, when cotton was run up to 17¼ cents a pound.

To me the Stock Exchange is a great market at which can be bought, at values determined by the law of supply and demand, large or small interests in the various big enterprises of the country.

To me it is the market to which men with surplus capital can go for good paying investments. It is the market in which men having money not needed for immediate use can get a commodity having a speculative value and yielding a fair income, and which can readily be converted into cash whenever needed.

It is a market in which many communities of men, with ideas of far greater magnitude than their own combined individual wealth could advantageously handle, have sold part of their share of ownership for the necessary cash with which to carry to a successful issue many of the industrial and railroad enterprises that to-day are adding resources to this great country.

Again, I am sorry to say, it is a market, or rather a resort, in which knaves, fools and gamblers seek wealth through deceit and treachery.

Do the business interests of this country require a Stock Exchange? How often is this question asked by the inquiring, law-abiding, yet sometimes narrow-minded citizen. It is readily answered in the affirmative to my own satisfaction, when, in connection with the thought that it is an open market, I remember that there is not a good quality, nor a good invention, not even a dollar, be it silver or a certificate, that is not put to an evil use sometimes. —M. S. C.

A Drop in Cotton

I HAD long cherished the desire to buy stocks and cotton in small measure, and thus pave the way to a competency and more comfortable circumstances than I then enjoyed, when some two years ago I broke ice by buying outright a small number of shares of railroad stock. They declined and continued to decline until the stock was quoted at considerably less than half what I paid for it.

In the mean time the cotton bee got to work in my bonnet, and finding that my broker would lend me within ten points of the market on my stock I commenced to buy cotton on a small basis. The first hundred bales were sold at a slight profit, and the way seemed easy. I tried again. This time the market declined heavily, but not before I had bought another hundred bales to average up. Finally, after holding to the two hundred bales for some time, I sold at a considerable loss, having disposed of my railroad stock, also at a loss, in order to protect my cotton.

Then I bought again, and for some little time all of my ventures proved profitable. I had more than regained my loss on cotton, when one day I got nervous and covered on a short sale at a large loss.

I thought by this time that I had cut my eye-teeth surely, so I went at it more cautiously, with the result of making a profit on every deal. It was my feeling that the stock market had reached its lowest ebb, so (my credit being good) I borrowed some money and bought railroad stock again on a liberal margin, as I thought. But lo and behold! the market immediately began to decline, and I was nearly at the point of being sold out when I raised more margin. Feeling the necessity for repaying my loans, I fell back on cotton and did very well for a while Then I was caught with two hundred bales some railroad stock and a heavily-declining market on one hand and a weak market on the other, and this was my finish.

I look forward to a considerable period of close economy to enable me to pay back my loans out of my salary, which fortunately is sufficient.

My experience should point a moral to any one. Deal in stocks, if you want to, but never on such a basis as will not enable you to be perfectly safe under any circumstances. —C. F. C.

The first Derby made in America was a

C & K

Knapp-Felt

The CROSS-COUNTRY HAT

The delightfully mellow texture of Knapp-Felt soft hats is pleasant to the sight and touch. The exclusive C & K shapes for early fall wear lend themselves readily to the whim of the wearer—the crowns may be creased, dented or telescoped; the brims turned up or down in front or back, or worn with a rakish sweep at the side. They are ideal for negligee wear and are an agreeable change from the stiff, unyielding straw hat.

They are made in a variety of colors of steadfast Cronap dye, which will harmonize with the prevailing tone in suitings and add a picturesque note to a man's dress.

Knapp-Felt is a wear-resisting hat-fabric peculiar to the C & K shop, where the best hats have been made for fifty years.

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats, soft or stiff are Six Dollars
Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars

Write for THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York.

Trousers That Hang from the Hips

Enthusiasts in Physical Culture will tell you that a belt should not be depended upon to *hold up* your trousers. Trousers should be self-supporting—should fit snugly, yet comfortably around the waist, so that all the strain will rest on the hips where it should be. "Nufangl" Trousers are especially adapted for summer wear. They hang beautifully and feel comfortable at all times; whether sitting still, playing tennis, golfing or walking. With

Present

"Nufangl"

Trousers

you can wear a belt or suspenders, or dispense with either. The secret lies in the vertical flexible seams, one of each side. Each vent fastens with two strap clasps which permit instant variations of the waist band, exactly how the wearer likes it.

Leading clothiers have "Nufangl" Trousers in all seasonable weights and fabrics.

Prices $4 to $8

If not at yours, we will refer you to our agent in your town, or supply direct. EXPRESS PREPAID. Only length and waist measurements necessary. Write for free samples of "Nufangl" fabrics, addressing

PRESENT & COMPANY
592 Broadway, New York City

The coolest and most comfortable summer shoe for men, women and children is the

E. C. Skuffer Sandal

made in 30 different styles.

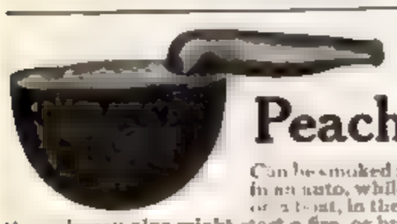
Send for our free book on the Care of Feet

Skuffers give the feet proper protection and perfect ventilation. On the warmest day the feet are cool and comfortable. Sandals relieve many a foot ill that closed unventilated shoes cause in hot weather.

Made of the best material with most careful construction over the most hygienic lasts.

Ask your dealer. If he hasn't them we will ship any size to any address in the United States, shipment prepaid, upon receipt of price as follows: Women's sizes, 2-7, **$2.50**, Misses', 8-11, **$2.00**, Youths' 12-2, **$1.00**, Boys' 2-6, **$2.50**. Children's sizes are carried. Send name of dealer.

ENGEL-CONE SHOE CO., East Boston, Mass.



The Peach Pipe

Can be smoked in a high wind, in an auto, while playing golf, or a boat, in the woods, where the ordinary pipe might start a fire, or by any one anywhere. The stem screws over bowl making a cover, so contents cannot spill into the pocket. Wind shield prevents ashes from setting fire to clothing or inflammables. Pipe when folded will go in the vest pocket. Made of genuine French briar and has solid vulcanized rubber stem. Ask your dealer for it or

Send $1.00 to Leavitt & Peirce

Dept. 2, United States Selling Agents, Cambridge, Mass., and the pipe will be returned. Write for circular.

Special terms to the trade.

Manufacturers

PEACH PIPE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Don't Breathe Pollen

Dust and other irritating substances [illegible] Hay Fever [illegible] Weight 4 ounces [illegible] If not [illegible] work [illegible] Comfort Nasalator [illegible]

Universal Supply Co.
426 Globe Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

Oddities and Novelties

OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

Honey Made from Honey-Dew

BEEKEEPERS in the Hawaiian Islands are both angry and disgusted because of a ruling made by the Government against their product, which forbids its sale in this country under the name of honey.

Of course, it really is honey—that is to say, if sweet stuff stored in combs by bees is so to be called. The bees, too, are all right—the same kind of bees that we have in the United States, and every one of them a full-fledged member of the honeymakers' union. So far as is known there is not a scab insect among them.

What, then, is the trouble? Why, simply that the raw material used for making the honey does not bear the proper label. According to the Government's ruling, honey, in order to be recognized as such, must be made out of flower-juice—the nectar distilled by the blossoms of flowering plants. Hawaiian honey does not correspond to this designation; it is composed chiefly of "honey-dew."

Honey-dew is the sweetest fluid secreted by certain insects known as aphides. Bees are very fond of the stuff, and so likewise are ants. Everybody has heard of the "ant's cow," which is the aphis—the sort of little green bug that so frequently appears on rose bushes. But there are a good many species of aphides, and one of them destroyed about twelve million dollars' worth of young wheat in Texas and Oklahoma last year.

Sometimes the streets of towns are fairly beslobbered with honey-dew, so plentiful are the aphides that browse on certain kinds of trees. Bees gather it eagerly. But in the Hawaiian Islands it seems to be the principal source of supply for the industrious honey-getters, and hence the present difficulty. Probably the problem will eventually be solved satisfactorily by allowing the producers to market their product in this country as "honey-dew honey," or under some other such distinctive name.

A Siphon for the Baby

A NEW method has been discovered whereby milk may be kept perfectly fresh for many months, the process consisting merely in charging it with carbonic acid gas under pressure and keeping it thereafter bottled in a cool place until it is wanted for use.

For this purpose newly pasteurized or clean, fresh milk is taken and charged with the gas in tanks, exactly as water is loaded with carbon dioxid in establishments which put up that innocent fluid for sale at "soda" counters. From the tank it is transferred to siphon bottles, in which it is held under a pressure of about seventy-five pounds.

The bottles should be stored in some place where the temperature is not higher than sixty degrees. If preferred, they may be kept in the household refrigerator. Though the cream separates in the flasks, it may be thoroughly remixed by a little shaking as the milk comes from the bottle. It comes out as a foamy mass, and has a slightly acid, pleasant flavor.

Kept in the manner above described, carbonated milk will remain in excellent condition for at least four or five months. Not only does it afford an agreeable beverage, but it is likely to prove a valuable food for invalids and children who are not able to digest ordinary milk easily. Its possibilities have been developed through experiments.

The experts of the New York State Agricultural Station engaged in this work state that, in order to prepare the product successfully, the milk should be drawn as clean as possible, and promptly cooled below forty-five degrees Fahrenheit. All vessels with which it comes into contact, from milking to bottling, should be carefully sterilized before used. It should be carbonated within a few hours; or, if this cannot be done, it should be pasteurized before being charged and bottled.

The Unniceness of Nice People

WHEN one comes to think of it, how remarkable is the carelessness of "particular" people about many matters of every-day routine!

Between the acts at the theatre a boy goes about among the orchestra stalls with a wire compartment tray full of glasses of ice-water. The "particular" person accepts a glass of the fluid, and either drinks it himself or hands it to the lady beside him. It never occurs to him to reflect that those glasses are probably seldom washed, and never between "helps." The boy simply fills them up and starts afresh.

Again, take the case of finger-bowls. When one is brought to table at a fashionable restaurant the "particular" person dabbles her fingers in the water and wipes them delicately upon her napkin. It seems the daintiest possible kind of ablution. But she might regard the matter from another point of view if she knew that the finger-bowl had not been washed for a month. Yet this is not infrequently a fact. Even at "swell" hotels and high-priced eating-houses the finger-bowls are often never washed. The waiters simply empty them, and pour in a little fresh water, adding a thin slice of lemon.

The "particular" person relishes an occasional glass of soda-water—unregardful of the fact that at many places where this beverage is sold the glasses are seldom washed, but merely rough-rinsed in a pan of standing water. All the glasses, no matter who has drunk out of them, go into the same pan.

As for water served on railway dining-cars (advertised on the bill-of-fare as obtained from this or that celebrated spring), the ice that cools it is often chopped to pieces in wooden boxes, and thrown aboard the car by men with the grimiest hands.

All of this, however, goes on out of the sight of the "particular" person, whose sense of niceness does not seem to be disturbed by anything beyond the range of his, or her, immediate vision.

Chilly News from the Depths

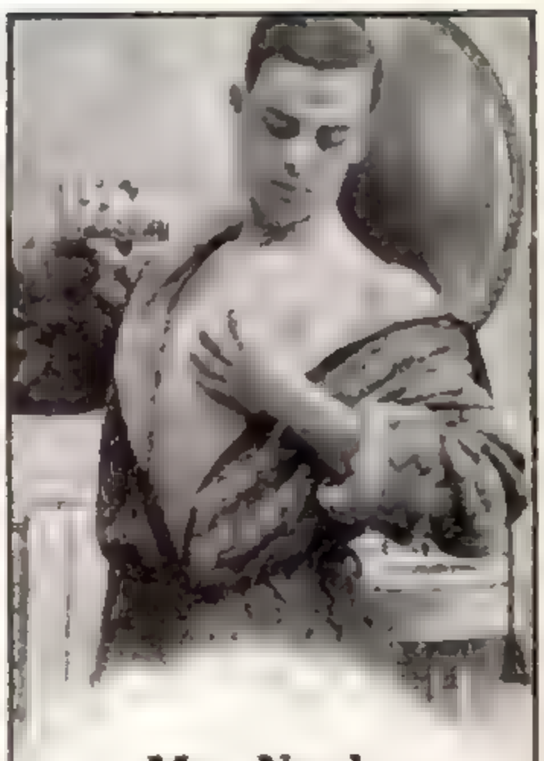
IF ANY scientific doctrine may be said to have had universal acceptance it is the belief that the interior of the earth is extremely hot. Has the fact not been proved in a practical way by measuring the steadily increasing temperatures in deep mines, borings for petroleum, and other holes extending far down toward the bowels of the planet? And how else are the outpourings of molten stuff from volcanoes to be accounted for?

Nevertheless, some geologists of highest reputation are now inclined to deny this theory and to aver that the core of the globe is not fiery at all. In fact, as they argue, it is almost undoubtedly very cold. The volcanic and other heat phenomena so commonly observed when the crust of the earth is penetrated deeply are attributable, in their belief, merely to chemical reactions which are more or less local in their character.

One sees a workman in the street pour water upon a quantity of unslaked lime. It boils and smokes and a high temperature is suddenly developed, merely as the result of a chemical reaction. Similar reactions, it is argued, are continually in progress in the bowels of the earth owing to the contact of water, penetrating through the strata of the rocks, with mineral substances of various kinds.

The water, of course, is supplied by rain, which seeps down through the crust of the globe to great depths. Here it finds one kind of mineral, such as lime, perhaps, and there another, such as anhydrous gypsum. The reactions that follow develop heat in quantities that necessarily vary, and hence the striking differences in the temperatures at the same depths in different localities. In the Yellowstone National Park, for example, powerful reactions are going on close to the surface, and hence one finds literal "hellfire" not far below.

It will be noticed that this idea fits in with the theory that volcanic eruptions are caused by an inflow of water through cracks in the ocean bottom. In this way chemical reactions are engendered on an enormous scale, resulting in the sudden development of heat sufficient to blow off the top of a great mountain, such as Pelée, or to cause an outpouring of molten stuff amounting in the aggregate, perhaps, to many cubic miles of solids.



Men Need

Lehn & Fink's Talcum Powder

Even in the hottest weather men must wear coats and collars and be out in the sun much of the time. Men who perspire freely are kept in a constant state of discomfort through the summer, unless after the morning bath they dust the skin with Lehn & Fink's Talcum Powder. That will keep the skin feeling fresh, cool and clean throughout the day, and prevent all odor of perspiration.

Lehn & Fink's Talcum Powder is cooling and comforting after shaving, too. It's the finest of talcum powder with a refined, delicate violet odor.

Sold by druggists in large five-inch, sifter-top, GLASS jars at 25c. If your druggist has none in stock, ask him to order some of his wholesaler. He will readily do so at your request.

Write Us for Free Sample

To show the fine quality and unique perfume of Lehn & Fink's Talcum, we will gladly send you a trial package free, if you will send us your name and address—a postal will do.

Lehn & Fink, 125 William St., New York

YOUR HOME

How to Care for Furniture

DON'T put the legs of your piano in trousers. Don't! For the proper care of furniture does not lie in such things as dressing piano legs in trousers of Canton flannel.

The proper care of furniture should accompany the proper use of furniture, and the proper use of furniture presupposes that you are to have it look its best and let it be an uplifting influence in the house. What is the advantage of getting fine-looking furniture if it is to be made absurd or ugly?

To try to save pianos from stubbing feet by trousering, and to try to save chairs and chandeliers and pictures from dust and flies by elaborate swathings of cloth—giving to a home room the aspect of a fly-infested bar-room—are mistakes.

It is not only that the valuable influence of good looks is lost. It is also that the very care defeats its own intent, for in a household where things are swathed and guarded there can grow up no proper standard of care. Furniture is bound to be more broken and defaced in a household of trousered pianos and similar absurdities than in one where good furniture, like good books, is deemed fit for good and rational use. It is those who are trusted to know and to use fine things who learn how to care for them.

It is sagely remarked somewhere in Cranford that every one has his individual small economy, but we ought to see to it that whatever we take up as an economy does really economize.

With a piano there are certain points to be kept in mind in regard to care.

It is best not to place it against an outside wall, for there it would be liable to too much of dampness and of change of temperature. It is best not to place it where it will have much of direct sun-glare upon it, for that would checker the varnish. If you have the misfortune to have a damp wall do not set the piano against it. An upright piano should stand three inches from the wall, both for a circulation of air and to allow the sound to escape.

Oil of Lemon for the Blue Haze

Sudden and intermittent changes of temperature are hurtful. If a piano is in a room which, in wintertime, is heated only once in a while—only heated, say, on Sundays and rare evenings, and for the rest of the time left in unheated isolation—it will suffer.

If it is in a room which is kept at a fairly equable temperature, or if left in a house closed up and unheated throughout the winter, it will be uninjured, if a well-made piano, no matter how low the temperature may go. The gradual change from fall to winter, and then the succession of winter days and the change back to warmth in the springtime, do not damage it.

Frequent use—not a silent piano!—is the best condition; it wears out quicker unused than used.

When dusty wipe it with a soft silk rag; when badly soiled with finger-marks wash it with pure soap and water. Once in a while a rubbing with a soft cloth with just a suspicion of linseed oil upon it is an excellent thing; but this must be done charily, for if much oil is used the piano gets smeary and freely gathers dust. All trace of the oil must be wiped off. And, indeed, it is the case with pianos, as with all fine furniture, that there is no royal road to cleaning.

Sometimes a bluish haze comes mysteriously upon a piano, as it may upon a sideboard or bookcase, and in that case it should be rubbed with a flannel cloth touched with oil of lemon, whereupon it disappears, although not with a single casual touch. Half an ounce of oil of lemon will ordinarily take the blue haze off a piano.

The piano is in most houses the largest piece of polished wood in the house. Custom gives it but one finish—the highest glaze possible—so that "piano finish" has become the name of such a shine on any piece of furniture.

Myriad ills threaten our furniture, especially in these days of table-tops without covers.

The milky mar left by the matutinal cream-jug upon table-top or sideboard is cleaned with kerosene.

For sticky things of which sugar is the base—and this includes fruit juices—use warm water and soft chamois leather with a touch of linseed oil afterward to do away with the look of dryness.

Perfume, bay rum, whisky or alcohol in any form, spilled upon finely-polished wood, or left there by the setting down of a glass or bottle, and not instantly wiped dry, will leave a raised and disturbed condition of the polish upon the wood. This is a hard thing to remedy, because the shellac in the finish has been dissolved and has dried in a swollen and porous condition. The finer the finish the greater the evil, and a thorough rubbing with rottenstone and linseed oil is imperative.

Furniture should be regularly given a rubbing twice a year for most pieces, but much oftener for anything in constant use, like a table-top. If this is faithfully done the result will be admirable. There are two ways of doing it: rubbing with linseed oil and rubbing with wax.

A clever way of applying linseed oil is with one-third of gasoline added and well shaken. The mixture works easily, and as the gasoline rapidly evaporates it lessens the risk of having the coating of linseed oil on the furniture, which would hold dust and make a gummy surface. It is an efficacious way of getting only a small quantity of linseed oil over a large surface. The oil should be rubbed on with one rag and rubbed off with another.

Beeswax and turpentine, mixed when warm, make an old and tried application for waxing furniture. Many good ready-mixed waxes are on the market. This application requires a great deal of rubbing: much more than does linseed oil; but is more permanent and a great protection to the surface of the wood. If in time any of these wax surfaces, whether on Mission oak or rarest mahogany, become dust or sand filled, and hence dull, turpentine will clean the soiled wax off and a fresh application may be put on.

Kerosene, coal oil, lamp oil, petroleum—it goes by different names in different parts of the country but is the same thing—is excellent for the care of furniture. Among other things it may be used as a solvent for grease marks or finger marks on polished drawer-fronts. It should really be considered as a sort of soap-and-water thing in its relation to furniture. It cleans and then it evaporates, and for a finishing it should be followed by some less volatile oil, such as linseed.

Oak, whether in furniture or paneling or wainscot, is darkened by petroleum, because petroleum acts chemically upon the tannin in the oak. It is often, therefore, used when a darkening as well as a cleaning of the wood is desired. For darkening it is better to use crude petroleum than refined, but it is not always so readily obtained.

The Deft Touch that Does the Trick

Blue rings, which have been caused by heat or moisture, should be lightly touched with a linen or cotton cloth—not a woolen one!—and the cloth should be merely dampened, and not wetted, with alcohol. If the blue mark is light and only on the surface this mere touching with the alcohol cloth will make it disappear. The rubbing must not be heavy but may be long continued. If the rings do not readily disappear, dampen the cloth with a mixture which is half chloroform and half alcohol, and touch the rings with it. This must be done with the utmost lightness and deftness and caution, and if so done it will safely restore the proper color to the polish on the very finest of mahogany. If done heedlessly and without caution the table-top will be so ruined by having the polish raised as to require a complete repolishing.

It ought to be understood why in some cases a woolen cloth is best and why in others it should be cotton or linen. With oils which do not dissolve the varnished, shellacked or polished surface but only dissolve or clean the dirt, woolen is best, as it is excellent for giving a polish and its fibres will not adhere to the surface. But with other liquids which, like alcohol or chloroform, actually have power to dissolve the shellac or varnish on the surface of the wood (although without removing it, if done deftly), woolen must not be used, for its crinkly fibres will adhere.

For the checkered or "crazing" surface that sometimes comes to varnished surfaces on which the varnish has been applied with a brush, there is no remedy but a complete scraping and repolishing. The trouble is caused by the unequal contraction and expansion of the successive layers of varnish—an action impossible to prevent and which no magic application from a bottle can cure.

This trouble very seldom happens to surfaces that are French polished, for with this there is only one coat of polish, and so when you do see the "crazed" appearance on a piece, it has come through shrinkage caused by some moisture in the wood itself.

Mildew is a fungous growth, and it comes in rooms that are too damp, or which have been too much shut up. It comes, too, somewhat readily, upon furniture which has been so liberally oiled as to leave sticky surfaces. Kerosene is death to fungus; and even books, when mildewed, are not greatly harmed with a wipe from a rag dampened with kerosene. However, one must always keep in mind the Tennysonian line about "saving common-sense," and not think that a book should be given a kerosene bath.

Dryness Fatal to Furniture

And here it may be said that the diverse properties, dangers and uses of substances used in caring for furniture ought to be a warning against the rash use of "clean-alls," offered as universal regenerators. No single paste or other mixture can be the best thing for all cases, and so it is much better to learn the different needs, the different remedies, the different qualities of oil of lemon or linseed, chloroform, alcohol, turpentine, wax, kerosene, soap, and then use the proper substance at the proper time.

The extreme heat of most American homes is hard on furniture. Old furniture brought from Europe, which has stood for a century or more in an even-temperatured French or Italian home, often goes to pieces in a single winter of American steam heat, causing the owner to doubt the authenticity of the piece he bought; and fine Dutch marquetry chips into ruin, causing the owner to doubt the honest workmanship. And, of course, furniture made in our own country stands the heat no better.

Furniture which is racked and spoiled from excessive heat can only be restored by expensive rebuilding—a process not worth while except for an especially precious piece—and it will assuredly be a good piece gone wrong again as soon as exposed to the same evil environment. The proper care of furniture means the maintaining of a proper heat in the home; and if people will but realize that in thus saving their valuable furniture they are at the same time saving their own health, there would be fewer overheated homes and smaller bills from doctors as well as from furniture repairers.

Even after striving for reasonable heat it is well to leave a dish of water near a furnace register or in a brass jar on the steam-pipes or on a hot-water radiator, so as to keep a supply of moisture in the air.

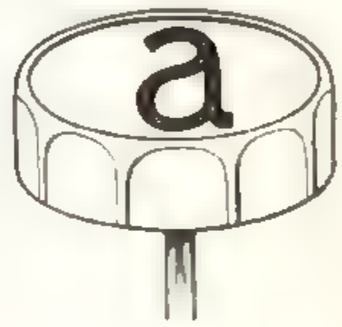
A good old-fashioned broom does not bump and mar the legs of good furniture as does a carpet-sweeper, even a sweeper with a rubber rim. But a broom raises unavoidable dust, and it is sometimes hard to choose between dust and bump. A good idea is to use the broom directly around the furniture and the sweeper in the rest of the room.

To clean dust from the hard-to-reach surfaces of intricately carved wood the best way is to use a dry paint-brush (a clean one, of course), for it seeks out every nook and corner.

Furniture ought to be used, not shut up in those curtain-darkened "best rooms," so familiar in the descriptions of Washington

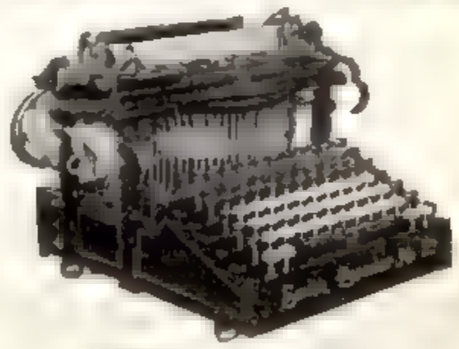
You write capital "A" by striking this key

You write small "a" by striking this key



You do not need to strike two keys to write any one of the 84 characters on the simple, straight-line keyboard of the easily operated

Smith Premier



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Syracuse N.Y.—Branches Everywhere

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Spencerian Pens are made of carefully tempered, accurately gauged steel. This means an elastic pen—an easy writing pen. There are many styles of

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choose your own. Yours is there. Sample card of 12 different kinds will be sent for 6 cents postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 347 Broadway, New York

CHEESE

to many, is a delightful course to a good dinner. Cheese is given an appetizing relish by using just a little

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

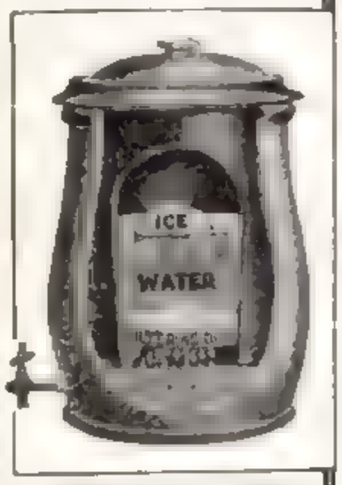
It has that rare and subtle flavor which increases the enjoyment of food. Try it on Baked Beans, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebits, and all Salad Dressings.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N Y

Don't Drink Poisoned Water

Few people realize the danger from impurities lurking unseen in ice and much drinking water. What's the use of running risks? Why not be sure, be safe? Order our sanitary, patent

Monmouth Gravity Filter and Cooler



It is simple, practical, easy to fill, quickly cleaned, readily moved, capacity 8 gallons. It has no metal in its construction nothing about it to rust, made entirely of stoneware. Ice and water are put in same chamber. Both are filtered and impurities are taken out of both. It is "simplicity" itself, for a child can handle it.

Sold by dealers at $3.50 or shipped direct from factory. Booklet Free.

WESTERN STONEWARE CO., Dept. E, Monmouth, Illinois

MERCHANTS and SALESMEN Wanted to Become

our representatives in the custom-made fall and winter clothing line. Suits and overcoats from $12.00 up, trousers from $3.50 up. You make 30 to 50 per cent profit, which means a nice income. We furnish you a large line of samples, free. Write for further information and territory

A. L. SINGER & CO., Department N, CHICAGO

Irving and still loved by many an old-fashioned housekeeper. Whatever is worth having is worth using, and whatever is worth using is worth using well. Shut-up and unused rooms are not only apt to become damp and musty but to harbor and encourage moths. Moths do not attack furniture in daily use unless the house is very badly infested with the pest. Still there are houses where the family is not sufficiently large to give all the furniture even moderate use, and, in such cases, what may be termed artificial use may be resorted to—beating with a rattan stick in the sunshine.

If moths have actually begun to corrupt, to use the Biblical word for it, deluging with gasoline is the best remedy. And it ought not to be necessary to say that gasoline is extremely inflammable and explosive and catches fire through its fumes long after it has been applied.

Every Man His Own Repairer

When there are actual repairs to be made it is surprising how much may be done without calling in the carpenter or upholsterer. To send your furniture to a shop is expensive and troublesome, and especially if you live away from the centre of a city. Don't you want to save expense and trouble? With a few tools and adaptability you may often do so.

As to tools. We all think a dollar a very small charge if a called-in mechanic makes it, but are liable to think a dollar quite too much to spend on a tool by which many dollars of charge may be saved. Many a man would rather try to drive in a nail with a shoe-heel, or borrow of a neighbor, than buy a hammer of his own, good and capable and strong and ready for anything from a carpet-tack to a burglar. A hammer, a screw-driver and a saw (handy for anything from a ham-bone to a picture-moulding), perhaps a pair of pliers and a chisel, and a "handy box" of tacks and screws and nails, are what you need, supplemented from time to time as needs grow. Let your few tools be of the best. Notice how careful an expert mechanic is to have good tools and in perfect condition. Then how foolish it is for an amateur to think of accomplishing the same work with tools that are inferior! Many an amateur tries to do something with a poor hammer, a screw-driver that won't turn a screw, a dull saw or a wrench that won't work, and then throws the tool aside and vows never again to do a thing himself.

As to general adaptability and readiness. We remember seeing a charming old gentleman come to the conclusion, one day, that his favorite armchair, a great, wide-bottomed fireside chair, needed repairing, it having sagged decrepitly in its webbing. "Bless my heart!" he exclaimed. "How have I let it go so long!" Whereupon it was taken downstairs and the old gentleman followed it—and in less than half an hour it came back, trim, neat and firm. He had found in a corner of the cellar, against the wall, a discarded oven grating, and this shelf, this openwork piece of cast-iron, he had screwed under the seat and fastened on the cotton lining, and the thing was done.

Broken-loose webbing is the most frequent cause of chair decrepitude, and an oven shelf isn't always the best thing to use in restoration. We mention it only as an example of readiness to use the thing that comes to hand. But chairs may be mended by home talent more elaborately than this, and with perfect success.

Putting in New Webbing

Webbing is cheap: five cents a yard; formerly it was hard to buy, upholsterers being, not unnaturally, unwilling to sell it, looking upon home reparation as taking away a perquisite of their own. But nowadays you can buy it at the department stores as readily as a spool of thread.

Don't splice the old webbing. It won't be satisfactory. Put it all on new and you'll be far better pleased. And at five cents a yard the cost need not trouble you. New strips put with the old is too much like new wine in old bottles, and something's bound to break.

Stretch the webbing as tight as you can, working on the chair turned upside down and having some one else press down the springs. The upholsterer stretches it tight with a winchlike contrivance that forces the springs into place. Now home talent will not have a winch, but profiting by the hint of working with a long end in hand and the other end nailed tight, up the webbing goes with no bulge in the middle. An upholsterer's needle or two, one of them curved, are very cheap and will make part of your repair equipment.

If a spring breaks loose at the top in a spring-seated chair or sofa there is no use gently pushing it in. A spring is no jack-in-the-box to be poked away until called for. If you poke it in gently it will ungently leap out again, and so you must turn the chair over, take off the cotton underpiece and hunt for the exact location of the loose spring through the maze of crisscrossed webbing. It is apt to be elusive, like a thing of life, but can probably be seized and tied in place, though it is not an easy task. But remember that if you had the upholsterer he would make far from an easy charge! Putting your hands in among springs is something like feeling in a blackberry bush in the dark. Do it cautiously.

Try to tie the spring in place with a stout cord. If you can't, then take a piece of tin, of a diameter a trifle larger than that of the spring, and with its edges bent down to make it mushroom shape. Have four holes through this piece of tin. Reach up and put it over the top of the unruly spring. Pull it firmly down with cord that you have passed through the four holes. Tie it down on the spring head as you would tie on a bonnet. It is entirely out of sight and will prevent the loosened end of that spring from working through the upholstery.

If the chair is in bad shape, with the springs actually through the upholstering, or with more than one spring loose, it will be best to have the chair entirely re-upholstered.

Belt Buckles that Make Havoc

A common and peculiarly annoying kind of injury comes to furniture through the carelessness of women who wear big belt buckles in the back. They may be depended upon to choose a fine chair, preferably of mahogany and with a polished splat, and when the splat is buckle-gashed the owner mourns as one without hope, for there must be an elaborate scraping and repolishing. If there doesn't happen to be an empty chair with a fine back-splat the buckle-wearer will select a chair expensively upholstered. There are certain social functions where the police watch all arrivals and "frisk" suspicious ones for possible pistols, and really it ought to be right for hostesses to "frisk" against such deadly furniture weapons as those buckles. They are like hobnailed shoes on a hardwood floor.

If fuzzy lint has stuck to your table-top from a table-pad under the influence of heat, first try water, not hot, for it would turn the surface blue. Probably the water won't wash off the fuzz, and if so powdered pumice-stone and linseed oil must be used, and it will do the work. Incidentally the tone of the top will be dulled by the process, and probably thus bettered in appearance; in any case the entire top must be uniformly rubbed and not merely the spots where the fuzz is.

If you have a good chair which creaks try to work in some shavings of hard soap it is so much simpler than rebuilding the chair, which is the only sure way. If you can help it don't give up the soap.

Many an arm, loosened, in chairs of simple construction, may be made firm by driving a wedge from below.

If the cane seat of a chair has sagged and is not broken turn it upside down, soak the under side of the cane with hot water, set it out in the sunlight, and, presto! the cane goes back in place.

There would be the same result if the top of the cane seat were wetted, only that the top of the cane seat is varnished and therefore water would not reach the fibre through it

Revarnishing the seat must be done from time to time, and rush bottoms need varnish even more, because they are made of twisted rushes and present twisted surfaces to wear. Some use paint, yellow or cream, instead of varnish, on rush. Rush seats, bare of varnish or paint, are bound to fray, and are expensive nowadays to replace.

Rattan or willow furniture is best cleaned by ammonia and water, which gives a better result than soap and water, which yellows it. Air alone will yellow it in time. And to bleach it—if you wish to bleach it—wet it and put it in a closed packing-box and burn sulphur there.

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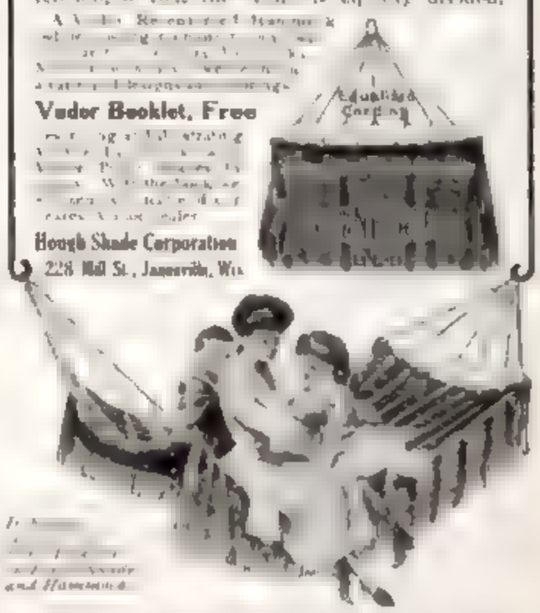
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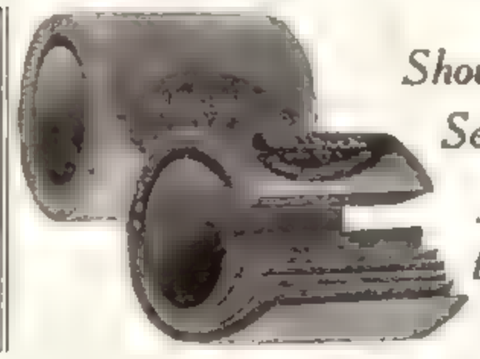

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Sense and Nonsense

Dinner-Table Persiflage

ONCE Richard Mansfield, Coquelin, the French actor, and Sara Bernhardt played in Chicago at the same time.

Coquelin, thinking to stretch out a dramatic hand across the sea, gave a dinner to which he invited many friends and reserved the seats of honor for Bernhardt and Mansfield.

Mansfield was late. When he did arrive he sat gloomily in his chair next to Bernhardt. She sought to make some conversation.

Mansfield turned and regarded the great French actress with much interest. Everybody listened to hear what he would say.

"Ah," he commented pleasantly, after his scrutiny, "I observe you wear your makeup off the stage as well as on."

A Chance Shot

TO THE turkey that was tame epicures the country over prefer the turkey that was wild. However, clergymen are notoriously not epicurean in their tastes, and a certain Methodist preacher in Baltimore had once definitely expressed a preference for the domestic bird. Accordingly, when, one day last winter, he accepted an invitation to dine with a member of his congregation, that member, in ordering the dinner of the colored servant, laid stress upon this point.

"Now remember, Ezekiel," he commanded, "Doctor Fourthly likes domestic turkey. You will therefore discontinue your usual practice, and get not a wild but a tame one."

"Yassir," nodded the darky.

"Understand?" repeated the host-to-be. "A domestic turkey."

Again the negro assented, and, though the family funds were at a low ebb, the dinner of his providing proved most elaborate. How so little money went so far was a mystery—until the host began to carve the turkey.

Then a thimbleful of shot rolled out upon the platter.

"Ezekiel" said the host severely, "I thought I told you to get a domestic turkey."

"Yassir," said Ezekiel. "That there's a domestic turkey. Ah knows it."

"But," objected the host, "look at the shot in it."

Ezekiel grinned sheepishly.

"Yassir," he stammered. "Ah—Ah sees 'em, sir; but them thar shot wasn't meant fer the turkey, sir: they was meant fer me."

Pilgrims All

Just a little laughter,
Just a little woe,
Just a flash of summertime
Till the roses go,
Just a little handclasp:
That's the toll you pay
If you go a-traveling
The Heart's Highway.

Through the sunny weather,
Under cloudless skies,
Oh, how fair the road is!
Oh, how bright Her eyes!
Sure there's not a danger
Could your soul dismay
When you start a-traveling
The Heart's Highway.

Nay, but not forever
Is the sun at noon;
Creeping shadows gather
Far too swift and soon
Hold her hand the tighter
When the skies grow gray;
Only that brings morning on
The Heart's Highway

White Man's Burden

"THERE was a white man out in Montana," said Senator Carter, "who was called Steve Crow. He lived with the Indians for forty years, married a squaw and raised a family. Finally, his wife died, his children threw him out, and he drifted up to Seattle, where he married again.

"After a time he returned to Montana and said his second wife had secured a divorce from him.

"'What happened, Steve?' asked a friend.

"'Why,' Steve replied, 'that there woman didn't know when she had a good thing. I married her and built a cabin out on the flats. It wasn't my land, but I lived there for a while. She didn't appreciate her advantages. Why, every morning I went out on the flats and gathered a bushel of clams, and all she had to do was to shuck 'em and cook 'em.'"

Time for Breakfast

CHARLEY and his bride were doing Paris. Charley had acquired a small stock of bill-of-fare French and was mighty proud of it.

They entertained at dinner one night. Charley didn't have a chance to say much, for one of the party was a fluent French scholar and ordered the dinner. This worried Charley and his bride.

After the coffee the bride leaned over and whispered: "Charley, you must ask for the bill. Ask for it in French and show them how well you can speak it. Be sure, now."

Charley puffed up. He beckoned to the waiter. Everybody paid respectful attention. "Garçon," said he—"Garçon, déjeuner."

A Very Bad Case

A CLERK in the Treasury Department who had been persistent in absence was summoned by Secretary Cortelyou, who asked:

"Why are you absent so often?"

"Well, you see, my wife is sick frequently."

"What is her chief ailment?"

"She's got a lot of them. In fact, she has had everything ending in itis."

The Servants

After Kipling's The Ladies

We've taken our cooks where we've found 'em;
We've answered many an ad.;
We've had our pickin' o' servants,
And most of the lot was bad.
Some was Norahs an' Bridgets;
Tillie she came last fall;
Claras and Fannies and Lenas and Annies,
And now we've got none at all.

Now, we don't know much about servants,
For, takin' 'em all along,
You never can tell till you've tried 'em,
And then you are like to be wrong.
There's times when you'll think that they're perfect;
There's times when you'll think that they're bum,
But the things you'll learn from those that have gone
May help you with those to come.

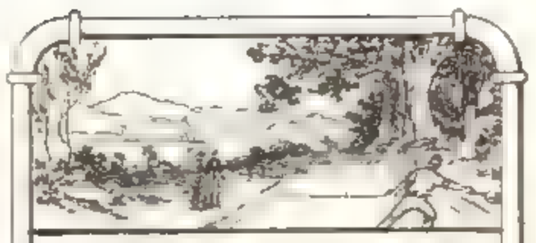
Norah, she landed from Dublin,
Green as acushla machree:
Norah was willing and anxious
To learn what a servant should be.
We told Mrs. Kirk all about her—
She offered her seven more per—
Now Norah she works, as you know, for the Kirks—
And we learned about servants from her.

Lena we got from an "office";
Lena was saving and Dutch—
Thought that our bills were enormous,
And told us we spent far too much.
Lena decamped with some silver,
Jewelry laces and fur
She was loving and kind, with a Socialist mind—
And we learned about servants from her.

Tillie blew in from the Indies,
Black as the middle of night—
Cooked like a reg'lar Savarin—
Kitchen was shiny an' bright.
Everything ran along lovely
Until—it was bound to occur—
She ran away with a porter one day—
But we learned about servants from her.

We've taken our cooks where we've found them,
Yellow and black and white;
Some was better than others,
But none of the lot was right.
And the end of it's only worry
And trouble and bother and fuss—
When you answer an ad. think of those we have had
And learn about servants from us.

—*Franklin P. Adams.*



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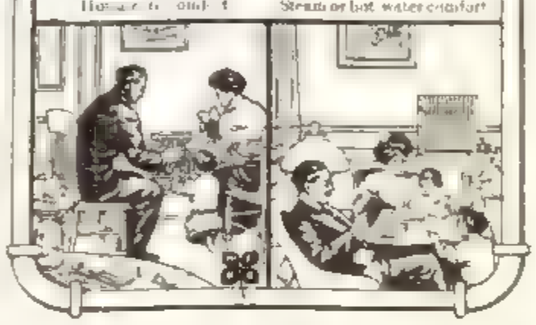

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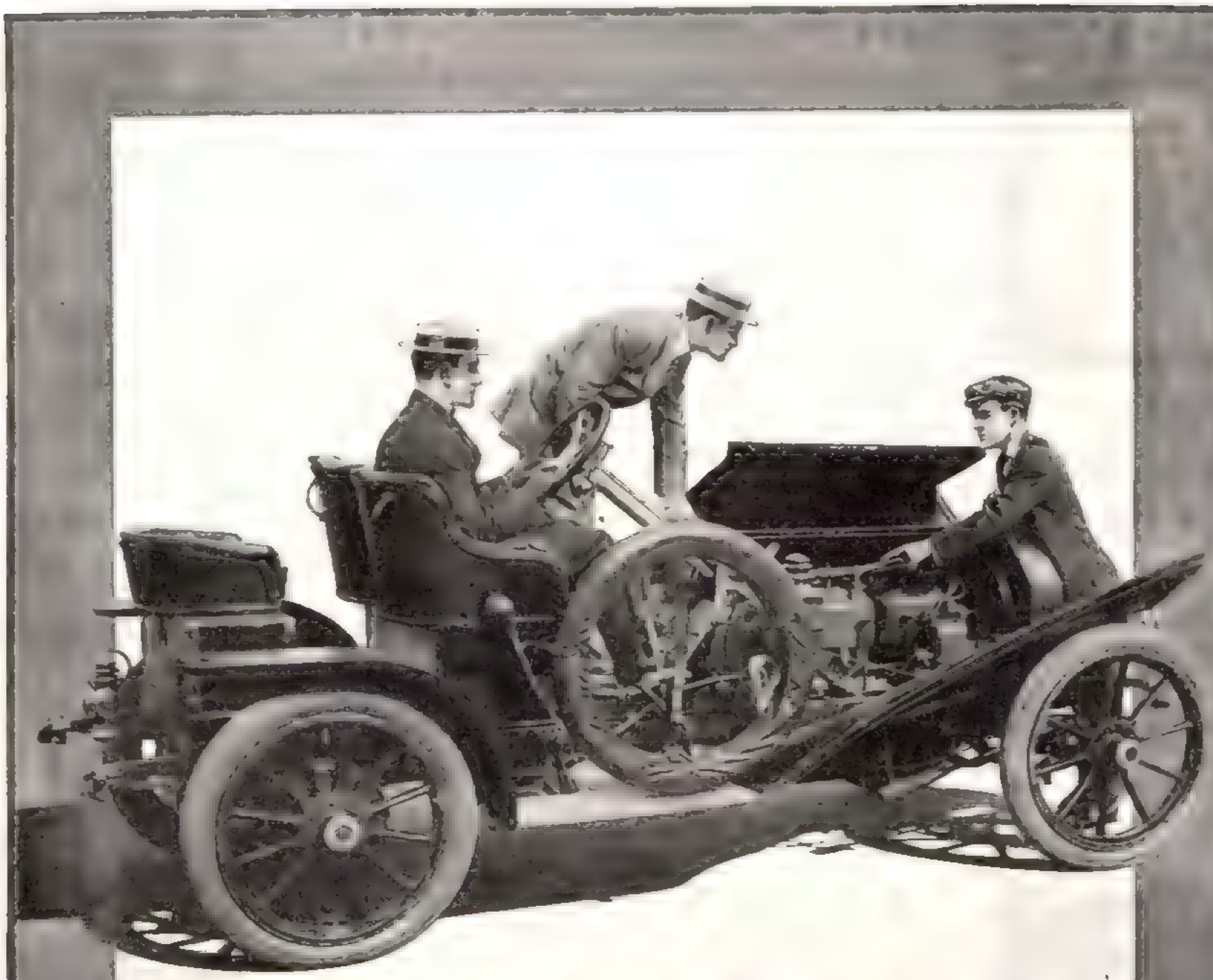

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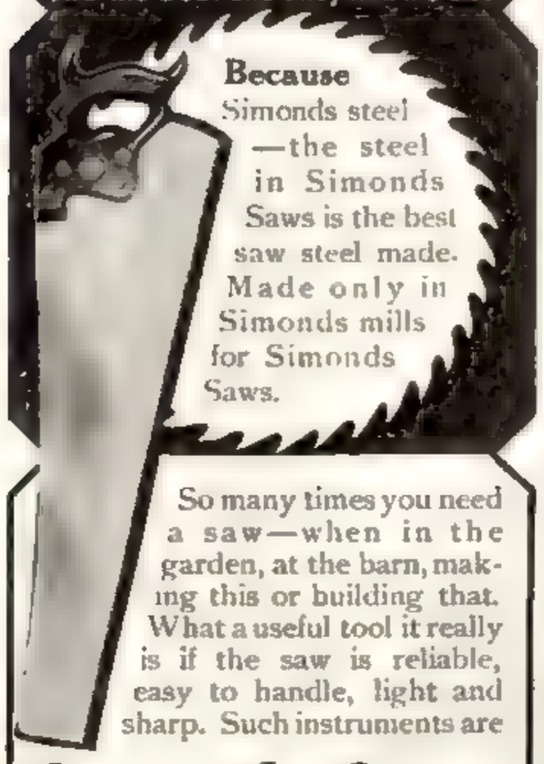

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BOUND FOR THE TOP

Keeping in Trim for the One Big Chance

IN THE nature of every civilized man there is an instinct of progressiveness—a desire to excel in some particular. It is found, in some degree, in the most inefficient as well as the most energetic of men. If the opportunity for its outlet does not occur in his work it will display itself in his recreation—even in his dissipation. It appears in the ditch-digger and in the accountant, in the mill operative and in the skilled mechanic. It may exhibit itself in the breeding of a few hens, the improvement of a bull-terrier's progeny, or in the raising of the earliest peas or the biggest squash in a suburban lot. It may turn to the building of a motor-boat or sail-boat; to experimental recreations in mechanical, electrical or chemical affairs; to studies in literature or art. All these may be recreations and relaxations entirely foreign to the man's daily occupation, and yet it is quite possible to find in them the fighting chance for greatly improved conditions.

Van Depoele, a cabinet-maker of Detroit, Michigan, took up the study of electricity for evening amusement, and he became the inventor of the overhead trolley system and a highly successful constructor of electric street railways. One of the largest truck farmers of Marblehead, Massachusetts, developed from a dry-goods clerk who used to cultivate a few vegetables in a small suburban lot.

Corliss, the inventor of the noted cut-off valve system for steam engines, made his experiments after working twelve hours a day as a meat-cutter. Nathaniel Hawthorne attained his splendid height in literature while working in the Custom House.

Turner, one of the greatest of English painters, gained some measure of renown while earning his living as a barber.

William Herschel, afterward knighted for his attainments as an astronomer, built his famous instruments and astounded the scientists of the day by his discoveries while earning his living as a violinist at concerts and dances.

The whole point is that, while the chance of promotion for the mechanic, the clerk, the employee of any sort, may occur at any moment and should find him ready, other chances may, and frequently do, occur outside of any actual advancement in his particular occupation. But it is absolutely certain that unless he is ready for them they will, in either case, mean nothing to him, nor will he often see them. If he has not a few dollars ahead the better job, a hundred miles away, or the good bargain in a little real estate, or the chance to develop some bright little business idea, appeals in vain. If he has not acquired sound confidence in himself and some assertiveness of his own knowledge he will not be called upon to take charge when his chief or foreman is away sick or on vacation. If he permits his recreations to absorb his energies in matters which return him nothing—either in useful knowledge or good hard dollars—he may easily reach middle age with a reputation as a "rattling good fellow," but without the power to raise a hundred dollars for the most urgent necessity or the most promising of chances.

This getting ready and keeping ready gives a man strength, self-confidence and a cheery outlook. It easily lifts him out of the waiting class because he feels that he is not bound to his job—that, although favor or preferment is a mighty good thing, if it comes his way, he is not dependent upon any one man or firm for his fighting chance.

THE BEGGAR AT YOUR GATE

(Concluded from Page 7)

"It tastes particularly good, Simmons," Keveney exclaimed, "because I came very near having to drink beer and eat cheese sandwiches"

The servant again bowed and cast a hurried glance of alarm at his master.

Keveney picked out a cherry from the grapefruit before him and then held the long-stemmed glass before the light from the candelabra, and gazed reflectively at the air bubbles chasing one another to the top of the yellow liquid.

"Beer and sandwiches, from Regan's," he said. "I don't believe, Simmons, you know where Regan's is."

The servant shook his head in much confusion. "No, sir," he said, "I do not, sir."

In a long term of service Simmons had never before heard his young master so loquacious, and the novelty of the situation was rather embarrassing

"Simmons," Keveney continued, "there are a whole lot of folks and places you and I never heard of. I've been on a long voyage and I met a great many wonderful people. There was a man and his wife who are marooned a thousand miles from here on a mud flat at the end of Staten Island. They have a little theatre there, set down among a lot of hovels, and although they love the lights of Broadway, they work and work and work for three children that are growing up."

"Yes, sir," Simmons said. "Will you have the asparagus with your chicken, or afterward?"

"At the same time," Keveney answered. When the chicken and asparagus were before him, and Simmons had again taken his plastic stand at the head of the table, Keveney continued to describe his wanderings in strange lands:

"And there was a deaf man who drew pictures—very bad pictures—and he had drawn bad pictures for twelve years so that he could send money to a wife that did not care enough to visit him in all that time. There were two women, too, who danced and sang and starved themselves, and all for a young man who would much better be dead. The older of them worked and starved because the young man was her son and the young girl worked and starved because the older woman was her sister."

Keveney stopped talking and broke a roll in two, then tossed both pieces back on the table.

"Simmons," he said, "are you married?"

The servant nervously rested both of his hands on the back of the chair at the head of the table.

"Yes, sir. I've been married nearly fourteen years."

"Really," Keveney said. "That's a long time—fourteen years. Any children?"

"Yes—one, sir. A girl."

"That's very nice. I suppose she goes to school?"

The servant's fingers tightened perceptibly on the back of the chair.

"No, sir; she doesn't go to school. She's not very well, sir."

Keveney looked up from his plate to the man's face—no longer a mask, but the real face of a real man, with a heart and soul looking out through human eyes. For some moments there was silence.

"That's too bad," Keveney said at last—"too bad. Has she—I suppose she has everything?"

"Everything we could do. The missus is a wonderful nurse. Will you have your coffee now, sir?"

"No, thank you," Keveney said. "I don't want any coffee. Get me a cigarette."

The young man lighted the cigarette and pushed his chair back from the table and crossed his legs.

"I suppose you mean," he said, "that your daughter needs things you and—and the missus—can't do for her?"

The servant nodded. "Not that you haven't been more than generous, sir, but those specialist doctors and operations"

"Of course," Keveney interrupted. "That will be all for to-night. I'll put out the lights."

When Simmons had reached the door he turned back toward the young man "Nothing more, sir?"

"Nothing more," Keveney said. "Except I wish you would call up my doctor in the morning—you know, Doctor Emerson—and make an appointment for your little girl. I don't know whether he is the kind of doctor you want, but he'll put you right. Give the doctor my regards, will you, and tell him to go as far as he likes? Good-night."

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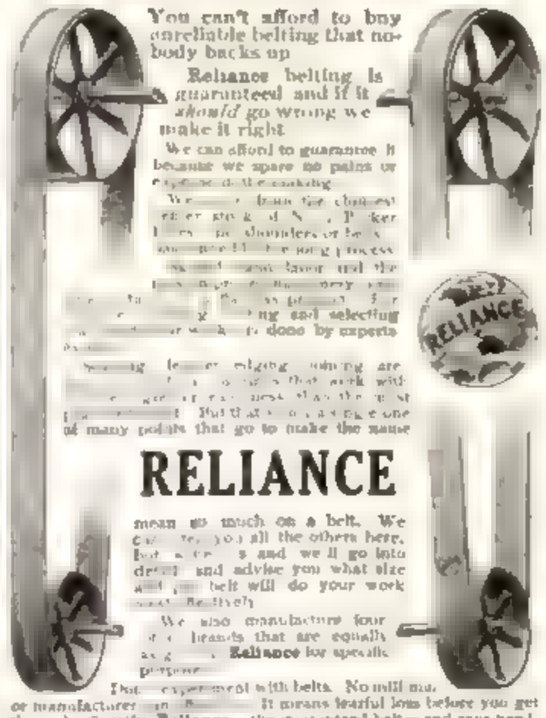

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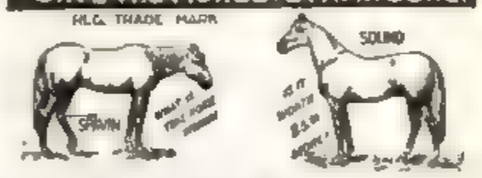

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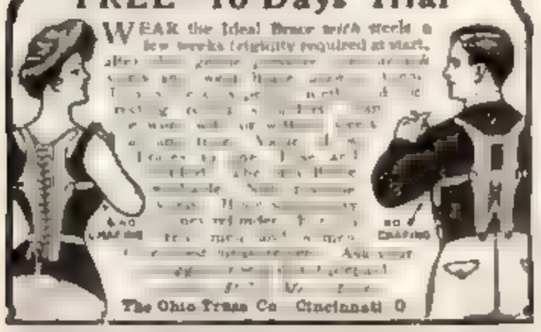

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THE FIRING LINE

Continued from Page 13)

was to find one who'd take him. I think she's found."

And looking up blandly:

"Porty, old fellow, you're really rather past the marrying age ——"

"I'll do what I please!" shouted Portlaw, exasperated.

Malcourt had two ways of making Portlaw do a thing; one was to tell him not to, the other the reverse. He always ended by doing it, anyway; but the quicker result was obtained by the first method.

So Malcourt went to New York next morning convinced that Portlaw's bachelor days were numbered; aware, also, that as soon as Mrs. Ascott took the helm his own tenure of office would promptly expire. He wished it to expire, easily, agreeably, naturally; and that is why he had chosen to shove Portlaw in the general direction of the hymeneal altar.

He did not care very much for Portlaw—enough to avoid hurting his feelings by abandoning him. But now he had arranged it so that, to all appearances, the abandoning would be done by Portlaw, inspired by the stronger mind of Mrs. Ascott. It had been easy and rather amusing to arrange; it saved wordy and endless disputes with Portlaw; it would give him a longed-for release from an occupation he had come to hate.

Malcourt was tired. He wanted a year of freedom from dependence, surcease of responsibility—a year to roam where he wished, foregather with whom he pleased, haunt the places congenial to him, come and go unhampered; a year of it—only one year. What remained for him to do after the year had expired he thought he understood; yes, he was practically certain—had always been.

But first must come that wonderful year he had planned—or, if he tired of the pleasure sooner, then, as the caprice stirred him, he would do what he had planned to do ever since his father died. The details only remained to be settled.

For Malcourt, with all the contradictions in his character, all his cynicism, effrontery, ruthlessness, preferred to do things in a manner calculated to spare the prejudices of others; and, if there was a way to accomplish a thing without hurting people, he usually took the trouble to do it in that way. If not, he did it anyway.

And now, at last, he saw before him the beginning of that curious year for which he had so long waited, and concerning the closing details of which he had pondered so often with his dark, handsome head lowered and slightly turned, listening—always listening.

But nothing of this had he spoken of to his wife. It was not necessary. He had a year in which to live in a certain manner and do a certain thing: and it was going to amuse him to do it in a way which would harm nobody.

The year promised to be an interesting one, to judge from all signs. For one item, his sister, Lady Tressilvain, was impending from Paris—also his brother-in-law—complicating the humor of the visitation. Malcourt's marriage to an heiress was the perfectly obvious incentive of the visit. And when they wrote that they were coming, it amused Malcourt exceedingly to invite them to Luckless Lake. But he said nothing about it to Portlaw or his wife.

Then, for another thing, the development, ethically and artistically, of Dolly Wilming amused him. He wanted to be near enough to watch it, without, however, any real faith in its continuation.

And, also, there was Miss Suydam. Her development would not be quite as agreeable to witness; a process of disillusioning her, little by little, until he had undermined himself sufficiently to make the final break with her very easy—for her. Of course, it interested him; all intrigue did where skill was required.

And, last of all, yet of supreme importance, he desired leisure, undisturbed, to study his own cumulative development, to humorously thwart it or misunderstand it, or slyly aid it, now and then—always aware of and attentive to that extraneous something which held him so motionless, at moments, listening attentively as though to a command.

For from that morning four years ago when, crushed with fatigue, he strove to keep his vigil beside his father, who, toward daybreak, had been feigning sleep—from that dreadful dawn when, waking with the crash of the shot in his ears, his blinded gaze beheld the passing of a soul, he understood that he was no longer his own master.

Not that the occult triad, Chance, Fate and Destiny, ruled; they only modified his orbit. But from the centre of things Something that ruled them was pulling him toward it, slowly, steadily, inexorably drawing him nearer, lessening the circumference of his path, attenuating it, circumscribing, limiting, controlling. And long since he had learned to name this thing, undismayed—this one thing remaining in the world in which his father's son might take a sporting interest.

He had been in New York two weeks, enjoying existence in his own fashion, untroubled by any demands, questions or scruples concerning responsibility, when a passionate letter from Portlaw disturbed the placid interlude:

"Confound it, Louis, haven't you the common decency to come back when you know I've a bunch of people here to be entertained?

"Nobody's heard a peep from you. What on earth do you mean by this?

"Miss Palliser, Mrs. Ascott, Miss Cardross are here, also Wayward and Gray Cardross—which with you and Mrs. Malcourt and myself solves the Bridge proposition—or would have solved it. But without warning, yesterday, your sister and brother-in-law arrived, bag and baggage, and Mrs. Malcourt has given them the west wing of your house. I believe she was as astonished as I, but she will not admit it.

"I don't know whether this is some sorry jest of yours—not that Lady Tressilvain and her noble spouse are unwelcome—but for Heaven's sake consider Wayward's feelings—cooped up in camp with his ex-wife! It wasn't a very funny thing to do, Louis; but now that it's done you can come back and take care of the mess you've made.

"As for Mrs. Malcourt, she is not merely a trump, she is a hundred aces and a grand slam in a redoubled Without!—if that's possible. But Mrs. Ascott is my pillar of support in what might easily become a fool of a situation.

"And you, you amateur idiot!—are down there in town, humorously awaiting the shriek of anguish from me. Well, you've heard me. But it's not a senseless shriek; it's a dignified protest. I tell you I've learned to depend on myself, recently—at Mrs. Ascott's suggestion. And I'm doing it now by wiring Virginia Suydam to come and fill in the third table.

"Now I want you to come back at once. If you don't I'm going to have a serious talk with you, Louis. I've taken Mrs. Ascott into my confidence, more or less, and she agrees with me that I ought to lay down a strong, rigid policy and that it is your duty to execute it. In fact, she also took me into her confidence and gave me, at my request, a very clear idea of how she would run this place; and to my surprise and gratification I find that her ideas of discipline, taste and economy are exactly mine, although I thought of them first and perhaps have influenced her in this matter as I have in others. That is, of course, natural, she being a woman.

"I think I ought to be frank with you, Louis. It isn't good form for you to leave Mrs. Malcourt the way you do every week or two and disappear in New York and give no explanation. You haven't been married long enough to do that. It isn't square to me, either.

"And while I'm about it I want to add that, at Mrs. Ascott's suggestion—which really is my own idea—I have decided not to build all those Rhine castles, which useless notion, if I am not mistaken, originated with you. I don't want to disfigure my beautiful wilderness. Mrs. Ascott and I had a very plain talk with Hamil, and we forced him to agree with us that the less he did to improve my place the better for the place. He seemed to take it good-humoredly. He left yesterday to look over Mrs. Ascott's place and plan for her a formal garden and Trianon at Pride's Hall. So, he being out, I wired also to Virginia and to Philip Gatewood, which will make it right—four at a table. Your brother-in-law plays a stiff game and your sister is a wonder!—five grand slams last night! But

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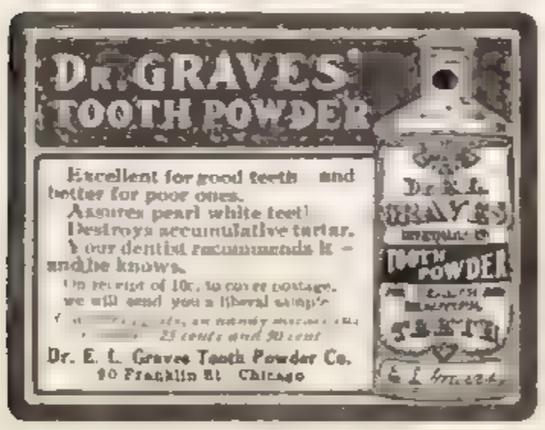
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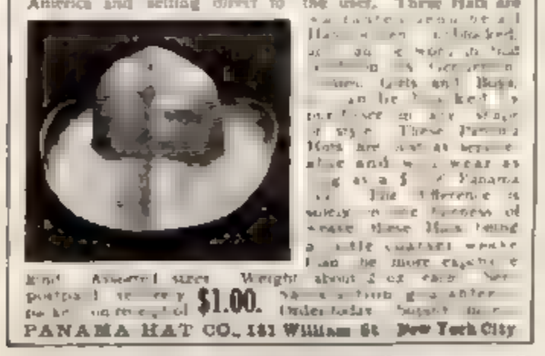
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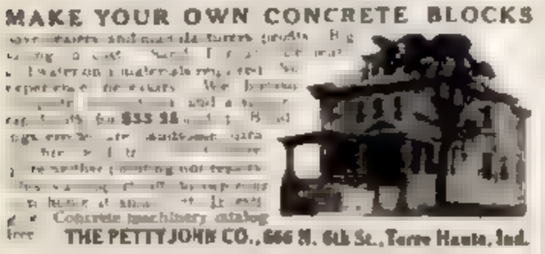

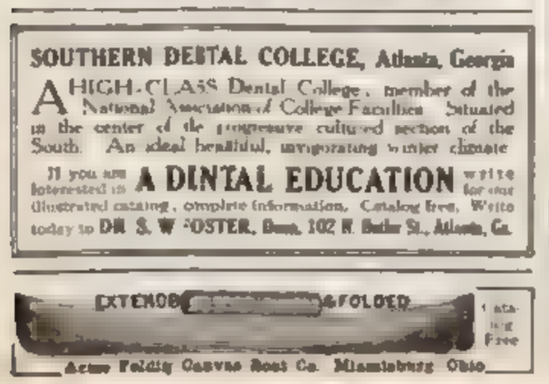
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I played like a dub—I'd been riding and walking and canoeing all day with Mrs. Ascott, and I was terribly sleepy.

"So, come on up, Louis. I'll forgive you—but don't mind if I growl at you before Mrs. Ascott, as she thinks I ought to discipline you. And, confound it, I ought to, and I will, too, if you don't look out. But I'll be devilish glad to see you.

"Yours,

"W. VAN BUREN PORTLAW."

Malcourt, in his armchair by the open window, lay back full length, every fibre of him vibrating with laughter.

Dolly Wilming at the piano continued running over the pretty firework melodies of last season's metropolitan success—a success built entirely on a Viennese waltz.

He folded Portlaw's letter and pocketed it, and lay for a while under the open window enjoying his own noiseless mirth, gayly accompanied by Dolly Wilming's singing or her capricious improvising.

Begonias bloomed in a riotous row on the sill, nodding gently by the river-wind which also fluttered the flags and sails on yacht, schooner and sloop under the wall of the Palisades.

That day the North River was more green than blue—like the eyes of a girl he knew; summer, crowned and trimmed with green, brooded on the long rock rampart across the stream. Turquoise patches of sky and big clouds, leafy parapets, ships passing to the sea; and in mid-stream an anchored island of steel painted white and buff, bristling with long, thin guns, the flower-like flag rippling astern; another battleship farther north; another, another; and farther still the white tomb on outpost duty above the river, guarding with the warning of its dead glories the unlovely mansions of the living ranged along the most noble terrace in the world.

And everywhere to north, south and east the endless waste of city, stark, clean-cut, naked alike of tree and of art, unsoftened even by the haze of its own exudations—everywhere the window-riddled blocks of oblongs and cubes gridironed with steel rails—New York in all its painted squalor.

"You say you are doing well in everything except French and Italian?"

Dolly, still humming to her own accompaniment, looked over her shoulder and nodded

"Well, how the dickens are you ever going to sing at either opera or on the road or anywhere if you don't learn French and Italian?"

"I'm trying, Louis."

"Go ahead; let's hear something, then."

And she sang very intelligently and in excellent taste:

"Pendant que, plein d'amour, j'expire à votre porte,
Vous dormez d'un paisible sommeil——"

"That's all right; try another."

So, serenely obedient, she sang:

"Chantons Margot, nos amours,
Margot leste et bien tournée——"

"Well, I don't see anything the matter with your French," he muttered.

The girl colored with pleasure, resting pensively above the keyboard; but he had no further requests to make, and presently she swung around on the piano-stool, looking at him.

"You sing all right; you are doing your part—so far as I can discover."

"There is nothing for you to discover that I have not told you," she said gravely. In her manner there was a subdued dignity which he had noticed recently—something of the self-confidence of the very young and unspoiled—which, considering all things, he could not exactly account for.

"Does that doddering old dancing-master of yours behave himself?"

"Yes—since you spoke to him. Mr. Bulder came to the school again."

"What did you say to him?"

"I told him that you wouldn't let me sing in The Inca."

"And what did Bulder say?"

"He was persistent but perfectly respectful; asked if he might confer with you. He wrote to you, I think, didn't he?"

Malcourt nodded.

"Dolly," he said, "do you *want* to sing *Chaské* in The Inca next winter?"

"Yes, I do—if you think it is all right." She added in a low voice: "I want to do what will please you, Louis."

"I don't know whether it's the best thing to do, but—you may have to." He laid his cigarette in a saucer, watched the smoke curling ceilingward, and said as though to himself:

"I should like to be certain that you can support yourself—within a reasonable time from now—say a year. That is all, Dolly."

"I can do it now if you wish it——" The expression of his face checked her.

"I don't mean a variety career devoted to mother songs," he said with a sneer "There's a middle course between diamonds and 'sinkers.' You'll get there if you don't kick over the traces. . . . Have you made any more friends?"

"Yes."

"Are they respectable?"

"Yes," she said, coloring.

"Has anybody been impertinent?"

"Mr. Williams."

"I'll attend to him—the little squirt! . . . Who are your new friends?"

"There's a perfectly sweet girl in the French class, Marguerite Barret. I think she likes me. . . . Louis, I don't believe you understand how very happy I am beginning to be——"

"Do people come here?"

"Yes, on Sunday afternoons; I know nearly a dozen nice girls now, and those men I told you about—Mr. Snyder, Mr. Jim Anthony and his brother the artist, and Mr. Cass and Mr. Renwick."

"You can cut out Renwick," he said.

She seemed surprised. "He has always been perfectly nice to me, Louis——"

"Cut him out, Dolly. I know the breed."

"Of course, if you wish."

He looked at her, convinced in spite of himself. "Always ask me about people. If I don't know I can find out."

"I always do," she said.

"Yes, I believe you do. . . . You're all right, Dolly—so far. . . . There, don't look at me in that distressed-dove fashion; I *know* you are all right and mean to be for your own sake——"

"For yours, also," she said.

"Oh—that's all right, too—story-book fidelity; my preserver ever! What? Sure—and a slow curtain. . . . There, there, Dolly—where's your sense of humor! Good Lord, what's changing you into a bread-and-butter boarding-school sentimentalist!—to feel hurt at nothing! Hello! look at that kitten of yours climbing your silk curtains! Spank the rascal!"

But the girl caught up the kitten and tucked it up under her chin, smiling across at Malcourt, who had picked up his hat, gloves and stick.

"Will you come to-morrow?" she asked.

"I'm going away for a while."

Her face fell; she rose, placed the kitten on the lounge, and walked up to him, both hands clasped loosely behind her back, wistfully acquiescent.

"It's going to be lonely again for me," she said.

"Nonsense! You've just read me your visiting list——"

"I had rather have you here than anybody."

"Dolly, you'll get over that absurd sense of obligatory regard for me——"

"I had *rather* have you, Louis."

"I know. That's very sweet of you—and very proper. . . . You are all right. . . . I'll be back in a week or ten days, and," smilingly, "mind you have your report ready! If you've been a good girl we'll talk over The Inca again, and—perhaps—we'll have Mr. Bulder up to luncheon. . . . Good-by."

She gave him her hand, looking up into his face.

"Smile!" he insisted

She smiled

So he went away, rather satiated with the pleasures of self-denial; but the lightly latent mockery soon broke out again in a smile as he reached the street.

"What a mess!" he grinned to himself. "The Tressilvains at Portlaw's! And Wayward and Shiela and Virginia, and that awful Louis Malcourt! It only wants Hamil to make the jolliest little hell of it. Oh, my, oh, my, what an amusing mess!"

However, he knew what Portlaw didn't know, that Virginia would never accept that invitation, and that neither Wayward nor Constance Palliser would remain one day under the roof that harbored the sister of Louis Malcourt.

CHAPTER XXVI

WHEN Malcourt arrived at Luckless Lake Sunday evening he found Portlaw hunched up in an armchair, all alone in the living-room, although the hour was still early.

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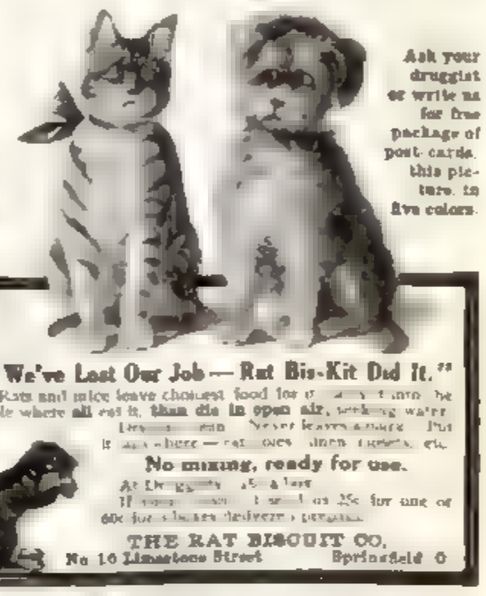
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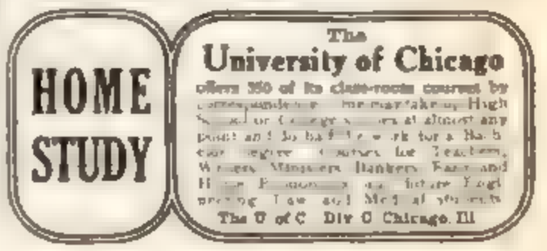
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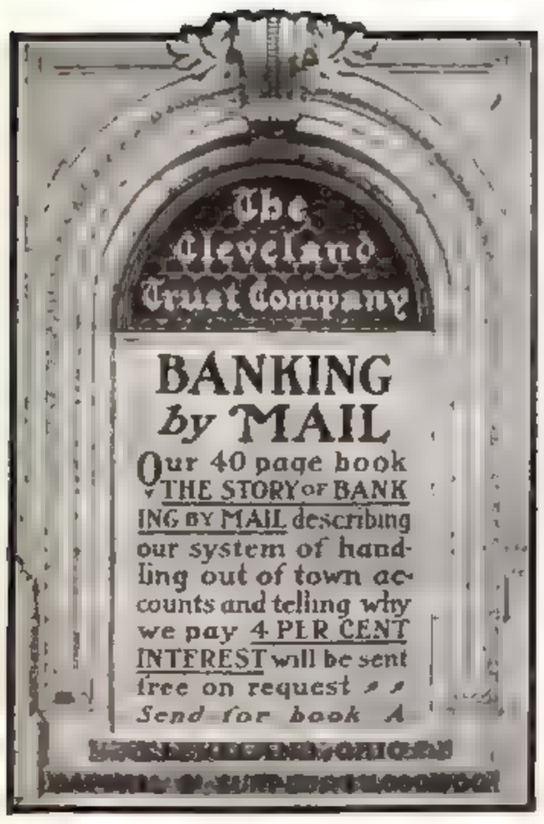
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"Where's your very agreeable house-party?" he inquired, looking about the empty room and hall with an air of troubled surprise.

"Gone to bed," replied Portlaw irritably, "what's left of 'em." And he continued reading "The Pink 'un."

"Really!" said Malcourt in polite concern.

"Yes, really!" snapped Portlaw. "Mrs. Ascott went to Pride's and took Wayward and Constance Palliser; that was Friday. And Gray and Cecile joined them yesterday. It's been a horrible house-party; nobody had any use for anybody else, and it has rained every day, and—and—to be plain with you, Louis, nobody is enchanted with your relatives, and that's the unpleasant truth!"

"I don't blame anybody," returned Malcourt sincerely, removing his driving-gloves and shaking off his wet box-coat "Why, I can scarcely stand them myself, William. Where are they?"

"In the west wing of your house—preparing to remain indefinitely."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Malcourt. "What on earth shall we do?" And he peered sideways at Portlaw with his tongue in his cheek

"Do? *I* don't know. Why the devil did you suggest that they stop at your house?"

"Because, William, curious as it may seem, I had a sort of weak-minded curiosity to see my sister once more. She's the last of the family; I'll probably never see her again ——"

"She appears to be in excellent health," remarked Portlaw viciously.

"So am I; but ——"

"But what?"

"Well, I'm going to take a vacation pretty soon—a sort of voyage, and a devilish long one, William. That's why I wanted to see her again."

"You mean to tell me you are going away?" demanded the other indignantly.

Malcourt laughed. "Oh, yes. I planned it long ago—one morning toward daybreak years ago. . . . A—a relative of mine started on the same voyage rather unexpectedly. . . . I've heard very often from him since; I'm curious to try it, too—when he makes up his mind to invite me ——"

"When are you starting?" interrupted Portlaw, disgusted.

"Oh, not for a while, I think. I won't embarrass you; I'll leave everything in shipshape ——"

"*Where* are you going?—dammit!"

Malcourt looked at him humorously, head on one side. "I am not perfectly sure, dear friend. I hate to know all about a thing before I do it. Otherwise there's no sporting interest in it."

"You mean to tell me that you're going off a-gipsying without any definite plans?"

"Gipsying?" he laughed. "Well, that may, perhaps, describe it. I don't know; I have no plans. That's the charm of it. When one grows tired, that is the restful part of it—simply to start, having no plans; just to leave, and drift away haphazard. One is always bound to arrive somewhere, William."

He had been pacing backward and forward, turning his handsome head from time to time to answer Portlaw's ill-tempered questions. Now he halted, dark eyes roving about the room. They fell and lingered on a card-table where some empty glasses decorated the baize top.

"Bridge?" he queried.

"Unfortunately," growled Portlaw.

"Who?"

"Mrs. Malcourt and I versus your—ah—talented family."

"Mrs. Malcourt doesn't gamble."

"Tressilvain and I did."

"Why didn't you try my talented relative again to-night?"

"Mrs. Malcourt had enough," said Portlaw briefly; then mumbled something injuriously unintelligible.

"I think I'll go over to the house and see if my gifted brother-in-law has retired," said Malcourt, adding carelessly, "I suppose Mrs. Malcourt is asleep."

"It wouldn't surprise me," replied Portlaw. And Malcourt was free to interpret the remark as he chose.

He went away thoughtfully, crossing the lawn in the rainy darkness, and came to the garden where his own dogs barked at him—a small thing to depress a man, but it did; and it was safer for the dogs, perhaps, that they sniffed recognition before they came too near with their growls and barking. But he opened the gate, disdaining to speak to them, and when they knew

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him, it was a pack of very humble, wet and penitent hounds that came wagging up alongside. He let them wag unnoticed.

Lights burned in his house, one in Shiela's apartments, several in the west wing where the Tressilvains were housed. A servant, locking up for the night, came across the dripping veranda to admit him, and he went upstairs and knocked at his wife's door.

Shiela's maid opened, hesitated, and a moment later Shiela appeared.

"Well, Shiela," he said lightly, "I got in to-night, and rather expected to see somebody; but nobody waited up to see me! I'm rather wet—it's raining—so I won't trouble you. I only wanted to say good-night."

The quick displeasure in her face died out. She dismissed the maid, and came slowly forward. Beneath the light her face looked much thinner: he noticed dark shadows under the eyes; the eyes themselves seemed tired and expressionless.

"Aren't you well?" he asked bluntly.

"Perfectly. . . . Was it you the dogs were so noisy about just now?"

"Yes; it seems that even my own dogs resent my return. Well—good-night. I'm glad you're all right."

Something in his voice, more than in the words, arrested her listless attention.

"Will you come in, Louis?"

"I'm afraid I'm keeping you awake. Besides, I'm wet ——"

"Come in and tell me where you've been —if you care to. Would you like some tea— or something?"

He shook his head, but followed her into the small receiving-room. There he declined an offered chair.

"I've been in New York. . . . No, I did not see your family. . . . As for what I've been doing ——"

Her lifted eyes betrayed no curiosity; a growing sense of depression crept over him.

"Oh, well," he said, "it doesn't matter." And he turned toward the door.

She looked into the empty fireplace with a sigh; then, "I don't mean to make it any drearier for you than I can help."

He considered her a moment.

"Are you really well, Shiela?"

"Why, yes; only a little tired. I do not sleep well."

He nodded toward the west wing of the house.

"Do *they* bother you?"

She did not answer.

He said: "Thank you for putting them up. If *they* annoy you ——"

"They are quite welcome."

"That's very decent of you, Shiela. I dare say you have not found them congenial."

"We have nothing in common. I think they consider me a fool."

He looked up, keenly humorous.

"Why?"

"Because I don't understand their inquiries. Besides, I don't gamble ——"

"What kind of inquiries do they make?"

"Personal ones," she said quietly.

He laughed. "They're probably more offensively impertinent than the Chinese. I think I'll step into the west wing and greet my relations. I won't impose them on you for very long. Do you know when they are going?"

"I think they have made plans to remain here for a while."

"Really?" he sneered. "Well, leave that to me, Shiela."

So he crossed into the western wing and found the Tressilvains tête-à-tête over a card-table, deeply interested in something that resembled legerdemain; and he stood at the door and watched them with a smile that was not agreeable.

"Well, Helen!" he said at last; and Lady Tressilvain started, and her husband rose to the full height of his five feet nothing, dropping the pack which he had been so nimbly manipulating.

"Where the devil did you come from?" blurted his lordship; but his wife made a creditable appearance in her rôle of surprised sisterly affection; and when the two men had gone through the form of family greeting they all sat down.

Tressilvain said little, but drank a great deal of whisky—his long, white, bony fingers were always spread around his glass—unusually long fingers for such a short man, and out of all proportion to the scant five-foot frame, topped with a little pointed head, in which the eyes were set as glass eyes are screwed into the mask of a fox.

"Bertie and I have been practicing leads from trick hands," observed Lady Tressilvain, removing the ice from her glass and filling it from a soda bottle which Malcourt uncorked for her.

"Well, Herby," said Malcourt genially, "I suppose you and Helen play a game well worth—hh—watching."

Tressilvain looked dully annoyed, although there was nothing in his brother-in-law's remark to ruffle anybody, except that his lordship did not like to be called Herby. He sat silent, caressing his glass; and presently his little black eyes stole around in Malcourt's direction, and remained there, waveringly, while brother and sister discussed the former's marriage, the situation, and future prospects.

That is to say, Lady Tressilvain did the discussing, becoming plainer in her questions concerning the fortune he was supposed to have married, and more persistent in her suggestions of a winter in New York—as virtual pensioners of everybody connected with his wife's family.

"Do you think," drawled Malcourt, "it might prove interesting to you and Herby? Americans are so happy to have you countrymen to entertain—particularly when their credentials are as unquestionable as Herby's and yours."

For a full minute, in strained silence, the concentrated gaze of the Tressilvains was focused upon the guileless countenance of Malcourt, and discovered nothing except a fatuous cordiality.

Lady Tressilvain drew a deep, noiseless breath and glanced at her husband.

"I don't understand, Louis, exactly what settlement—what sort of arrangement you made when you married ——"

"Oh, I didn't have anything to endow her with," said Malcourt.

Tressilvain essayed a jest.

"Rather good, that!" he said, with his short, barking laugh; "but I dare say the glove was on the other hand—eh, Louis?"

"What?"

"Why the—ah—the lady did the endowing and all that—don't you see?"

"See what?"

Malcourt was now on maliciously humorous terms with himself; he began to speak impulsively, affectionately, with all the appearance of a garrulous younger brother impatient to unburden himself to his family; and he talked and talked, confidingly, guilelessly, voluminously, yet managed to say absolutely nothing. And, strain their ears as they might, the Tressilvains in their perplexity and increasing impatience could make out nothing of all this voluntary information.

There was no use interrupting him with questions; he answered them with others; he whispered ambiguities in a manner most portentous; hinted at bewildering paradoxes with an air; nodded mysterious nothings, and finally left them gaping at him, exasperated, unable to make any sense out of what most astonishingly resembled a candid revelation of the hopes, fears, ambitions and worldly circumstances of Louis Malcourt.

"Good-night," he said, lingering at the door to look upon and enjoy the fruit of his perversity and malice. "When I start on that journey I mentioned to you I'll leave something for you and Herby—merely to show you how much I think of my own people—a little gift—a trifle! No—no!"—lifting his hand with smiling deprecation as Tressilvain began to thank him. "One must look out for one's own family. It's natural—only natural to make some provision. Good-night, Helen! *Good*-night, Herby. Portlaw and I will take you on at Bridge if it rains to-morrow. It will be a privilege for us to—ah—watch your game—closely. *Good*-night!"

And closed the door.

"What the devil does he mean?" demanded Tressilvain, peering sideways at his wife.

"I don't exactly know," she said thoughtfully, sorting the cards. She added: "If we play to-morrow you stick to signals; do you understand? And keep your ring and your fingers off the cards until I can make up my mind about my brother. You're a fool to drink American whisky the way you did yesterday. Mr. Portlaw noticed the roughness on the aces; you pricked them too deep. You'd better keep your wits about you, *I* can tell you. I'm a Yankee myself."

"Right—Oh! But I say, Helen, I'm hanged if I can make out that brother of yours. Doesn't he live in the same house as his wife?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE FRANCHISE

(Continued from Page 10)

"It does amount to something!" Metcalf answered with some temper. "Here's Hofmeier sending over to inquire about it. I wouldn't wonder, now, if he'd hold off about floating those general lien collateral trust convertible bonds. He suspects Vance may be behind it, and that makes him nervous. We don't want people made nervous when we're trying to float bonds."

Mr. Elbridge twirled his eyeglasses complacently. "I can stop it," he said.

"Stop it, then," returned the president pettishly.

Mr. Elbridge had expected admiration. He turned away to look out of the window.

"How can you stop it?" Metcalf asked, after a moment, and in a ruffled spirit of apology.

"By getting full control of that Wistaria concern," the lawyer replied with dignity.

President Metcalf stroked his sidewhiskers. "I hope we won't have to pay too much for it," he said, quite humbly.

"A bagatelle," replied Elbridge, again twirling his eyeglasses. "That fellow Blackstone has been to see me again. Really, for a fellow of that sort, he's a man of some little intelligence; some comprehension of what business is; has sense enough to be guided by me as to matters of law. The other two are mere ignorant roustabouts. Blackstone sees that, now. The fact is, they're in a row among themselves. The lawyer chap, Holt, has been playing the races; needs money. I can see Blackstone suspects he's trying to sell out to Vance. The long and short of it is, Blackstone is frightened to death. I can buy his stock and the Irishman's. That will give us two-thirds, you see. Then let Vance hold the other third, if he wants to"

Metcalf smiled. "It would be amusing if Vance should get quite a lot of money tied up in the concern, and then we should turn up in control of it, holding two-thirds." He chuckled heavily. "That would be quite amusing."

"Of course," said Elbridge, "the lawyer chap is trying to get the Irishman to join with him and sell out to Vance. But Blackstone can hold the Irishman—for the present, at least."

President Metcalf's pleasure fled. "See here, Elbridge," he exclaimed uneasily, "we can't have Vance getting control of that concern. You see, he's got too much already. Why, when we come to a consolidation, if Vance has that rotten franchise he'll make us pay a million for it. We must head him off, Elbridge! Don't be so everlastingly cautious! Head him off!"

VI

"I GUESS," President Vance observed, soberly ruminating—"I guess that wild Irishman's stung me. I guess he's trimmed me."

"What's he done?" Counsel Indermill inquired.

"Why, he came to my house last evening," Vance explained, still in a thoughtful manner. "He seemed very much worked up. He told me his loan-shark pal—Blackstone, you know—had been experimenting with the stock market and lost all his money. He said he'd discovered that Blackstone and Holt, the lawyer, were all ready to sell out to Metcalf—which would put Metcalf in control, with a two-thirds interest, and leave Dennis to hold the bag. Dennis seemed a lot worked up about it. He'd nabbed the lawyer bodily, and fetched him along, on pain of having his neck broken—so he and the lawyer could sell out to me, giving me two-thirds, and leaving Metcalf with one-third. They sort of worked up a dramatic climax on me," said Vance reminiscently.

Indermill waited a decent moment, then asked ruthlessly, "How much did it cost you?"

The president fingered his grizzled mustache. "One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Thinking it over in cold blood, I guess it was all a plant. I guess they stung me."

"But you've got the stock—the two-thirds?" Indermill inquired.

"Oh, yes, I've got the stock," Vance replied. Turning to the desk he lifted a handful of neatly-engraved certificates. "Here it is."

"What's the odds what it cost, then?" said the lawyer. "We're going to pull off this consolidation soon, and you can turn in the Wistaria concern at twice what it cost you."

"I don't imagine I'm going to lose any money," Vance replied. "But the idea that that wild Irishman trimmed me is rather disconcerting. If an ex-policeman can do me—Great Scott!—I may wake some morning and find that Metcalf himself has done me! It's disconcerting."

VII

PRESIDENT GRADY, of the Elevated, ordinarily cold-eyed and phlegmatic to a degree, betrayed faint signs of exhilaration. A frosty sparkle appeared in the depths of his eye.

"Friend Holt had a headpiece," he observed. "That's a mighty good point, if I did pooh-pooh it to him. The Wistaria concern is actually operating a street railroad within the limits of the city. There's no doubt about that. And so, under this new law, it's entitled to bid for the extension franchises. It's a good point. Vance has overlooked a bet." He regarded a small heap of neatly engraved stock certificates with something like affection. "I'll have a nice little surprise for him and Metcalf at to-morrow's meeting."

VIII

THE conference to arrange for a consolidation of the Surface, the Elevated and the Underground companies was held in the directors' room at Elevated headquarters, and attended by the presidents of the three concerns, their respective counsels and several others.

The proceedings were interrupted by Mr. Grady's private secretary, who had entered the room and whispered to his chief. There was a brief consultation and a pause, during which every one present assumed a grave and self-conscious air. Then the secretary reappeared, ushering in Dennis Sullivan, Charles F. Holt and L. Benjamin Blackstone. The three stood modestly in line before the company, amid an ominous silence, and their eyes seemed instinctively to turn to a heap of neatly-engraved stock certificates that lay upon the directors' table.

It was President Vance who broke the embarrassing silence—speaking very soberly. "We sent for you gentlemen," he said, "because it appeared that a little explanation was due." He glanced at the stock certificates. "I bought from two of you six thousand six hundred and sixty-six shares of the stock of the People's Rapid Transit Company, being a two-thirds interest. Is that right?"

"Right," said Dennis. "You've got the stock."

"But," President Metcalf blurted out excitedly, "I bought from two of you six thousand six hundred and sixty-six shares, being a two-thirds interest, and I've got the stock!"

"But, Mr. Metcalf," said Blackstone gently, "you didn't ask any questions, you know. You was eager to buy. Of course, I supposed you knew what you was buying—an able business man like you. Your stock is in the People's Rapid Transit Company of New Jersey. That's a holding company"

"What's mine?" President Grady snapped, businesslike.

Mr. Holt smiled genially, and laid the end of his right index finger in the palm of his left hand. "You purchased, Mr. Grady," he explained, "six thousand six hundred and sixty shares, being a two-thirds interest, in the stock of the People's Rapid Transit Company of Delaware—a holding company, you know. No representation of any kind or nature was made to you as to the character or value of said stock by the vendors thereof, and I can prove it."

President Vance tipped back his head and roared. "You fellows have been buying gold bricks," he declared with amiable gusto. "You've been stung! Better charge it up to experience. I've got the stock in the original company."

President Metcalf turned purple, and even Mr. Grady blushed slightly.

"But, see here!" Lawyer Patrick exclaimed. "What do these infernal holding companies hold?"

Lawyer Holt, demonstrating with his index finger, explained: "The People's Rapid Transit Company of New Jersey holds the preferred stock of the People's

"A man's voice, anyhow"

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9890 Sweet Sixteen March (Kerry Mills) . . . Edison Military Band
9891 Only an Old Fashioned Cottage (A sentimental home ballad) (Solman & Hayden-Clarendon) . . . Manuel Romain
9892 It Always Comes with the Summer (Serio-comic song) (Solman & Lamb) . . . Dorothy Kingsley
9893 Lady Bimbie and the Shores of Lake Erie (Violin) Original . . . William Craig
9894 I Wa[illegible] Lovin' Indian Dancing Lady, The comic song success in "The Girl Behind the Counter" (Wade & West . . . Ada Jones
9895 Yankee Doodle Comes to Town (Song) (From "The Yankee Prince") (George M. Cohan) Billy Murray
9896 By the Old Oaken Bucket, Louise (Davis & Jones) . . . Irving Kaufman
9897 Forest Whispers (Losey) . . . Edison Symphony Orchestra
9898 Mother Ha[illegible] Speak to Father Since (Schwartz & Jerome) . . . Arthur Collins
9899 The House Over There (Sacred selection) (O'Kane & Huntington) . . . Edison Mixed Quartette
9900 Let Me Hear the Songs My Mother Used to Sing (Gabriel & Gordon) . . . Byron G. Harlan
9901 Blue Violets (Lumbers) . . . Edison Concert Band
9902 When the Moon Is Creeping Thro' the Woodlands . . . Will Oakland
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9903 A, B C (Song) (From "The Yankee Prince") (George M. Cohan) Ada Jones and Billy Murray
9904 I'm Sure I'll, My Merry Little Rosy Day (A genuine coon song by [illegible] Weston & Mitchell) . . . Edward Meeker
9905 "Dialogue" [illegible] Cornet (An animated musical conversation between [illegible] accompanied by [illegible] Band) . . . Edison Symphony Orchestra
9906 All for Love of You (Ball & Reed, authors of "Love Me and the World Is Mine") . . . Harry Anderson
9907 A High Old Time in Dixie (Negro duet) (Schleiffarth & Lowen) . . . Collins and Harlan
9908 For the Red, White and Blue (An inspiring song of our new navy) (Rosenfeld) . . . Irving Kaufman
9909 The Kerry Mills Barn Dance (Kerry Mills) . . . Edison Symphony Orchestra
9910 I'm the M[illegible] (Lamp & Norton) . . . Bob Roberts
9911 Fun at the Music Counter (A laugh raising burlesque on familiar scenes at a store) . . . Jones and Spencer
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Reliable Transportation Company, which is a corporation of this State, and the People's Rapid Transit Company of Delaware holds the preferred stock of the People's Rapid Transit Company of New Jersey. In neither case, I may add, has the preferred stock any voting power."

"But what's this People's Reliable Transportation Company?" Patrick insisted.

Patiently and good-naturedly, as one elucidating a simple point for a child, Lawyer Holt replied: "The People's Rapid Transit Company of this State, now controlled by Mr. Vance, received a franchise from the village of Wistaria, under which franchise it built a street railroad. It then leased said street railroad for ninety-nine years to the People's Reliable Transportation Company, also a corporation of this State—which, accordingly, is now in full possession of said street railroad and operating the same."

"Great Scott!" said Lawyer Patrick. "Then all this stuff is junk!"

There was a moment of consternation. Then President Grady turned to Mr. Vance, and actually grinned. "You've been buying a gold brick, Vance," he said. "You've been stung. Better charge it up to experience!"

The point penetrated President Metcalf's dazed mind. He looked at Mr. Vance and gurgled apoplectically.

President Vance looked at the floor. "All the same," he said, "I think we can do better than twit one another with bygones. The gentlemen from Wistaria are still with us, and while we engage in badinage who knows what may happen to our watches?"

"You fellows have got this People's Reliable Transportation Company, I suppose?" said Lawyer Elbridge with scant courtesy.

"We have," Dennis replied. "As a company actually operating a street railroad within the city limits, and so entitled to bid for the extension franchises, we think it's worth something. We have capital to develop it now owing to circumstances that you gents is familiar with. Or we could sell it to some outsider who might like to get a finger in your consolidation. But our business with you so far has been entirely satisfactory. Rather than sell to an outsider, we'd sell to you very reasonable."

"What? More money?" cried Mr. Elbridge. "You ought to be in the penitentiary right now."

"There's others," said Dennis calmly.

Lawyer Elbridge was about to speak again, vehemently, but Mr. Vance forestalled him. "In view of past experience," he said, "I guess we'd better get rid of these boys peacefully, if we can, and in such manner as to have some property left."

He fixed Dennis with a hard eye.

"You've cleaned up about three hundred and fifty thousand so far. We'll give you another hundred thousand for your concern. You can take that or go to the devil."

Dennis comprehended the business significance of the look. He and his partners exchanged questioning glances. "We'll take it," he announced.

"We'll have Indermill, Elbridge and Patrick a committee of three to see if they can close the deal without any flimflamming," Mr. Vance added.

"I don't know who did any flimflamming before," said Dennis, "but it wasn't us."

Out in the corridor, the triumvirs paused. Dennis' eye twinkled. Blackstone softly polished the large knuckles of his left hand with the palm of his right. Holt melted in a wide, sultry smile.

"I didn't serve four years on the police force for nothing," Dennis observed. "I learnt, then, that the easiest thing in the world is to shake down a crook. Any child can do it."

Law and Facts

"THE position of the Republicans on this tariff-revision proposition reminds me of a speech I heard a lawyer make in one of the New York courts," said Representative William Sulzer.

"This lawyer was in a bad way. He had nothing. But he put on a bold front and started like this:

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THE CARNAGE OF PEACE

(Continued from Page 4)

generously in excess of the number whose lives are exacted as tribute.

Even in outdoor trades, the pursuit of which requires no geared machinery or power-driven cutting tools, the mortality is high. The construction of a lofty bridge or a towering office building demands its pound of flesh. Indeed, if the truth must be told, a skyscraper is a veritable monument unwittingly erected to the dead men who gave their hearts' blood in its erection. Its deep foundations have been dug with the aid of caissons in which air at a high pressure must be used, with the consequent infliction of the terrible disease christened with painful suggestiveness "the bends." The steel which enters so largely into its construction has been smelted in furnaces and rolled in mills that cost the life of some poor fellow. The frame is pinned together by men who work in mid-air where a single misstep means a fatal plunge, and where the dropping of a tool or a rivet may cause an injury that may cripple or kill. The stone with which the skeleton of the steel is finally inclosed has been blasted and cut in quarries where some men must die of tuberculosis.

The Industrial Soldiers of Mid-Air

The Bridge and Structural Ironworkers' Union of Chicago had a total membership of 1358 men in 1906. Of that regiment of skilled men 156 either lost their lives or were disabled. Perched on a slim, cold piece of steel a hundred feet above safety, armed only with pneumatic tools and rivets, these industrial soldiers run more risks than if they carried guns and wore cartridge belts stamped with the letters U.S.A. Men sometimes slip, drop through false-work, to be buffeted from one bracing to another, only to reach the ground a lifeless mass. I have been informed by the secretary and treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Ironworkers that ninety per cent. of the deaths occurring among members of the association are due to accident. In the period beginning with July, 1907, and ending with March, 1908, $14,000 was paid out of the association treasury for a hundred and forty funeral claims. So hazardous is a bridge-builder's calling that few insurance companies will take the risk of issuing a policy on his life.

What becomes of the cripples who are no longer able to earn a living, Mr. Francis McLean, of the New York Charity Organization Society, has shown as the result of a minute study of seven hundred and thirty-six cases which came to the notice of six of the New York charitable institutions and several hospitals. The victims were drawn from almost every conceivable calling, for which reason their various destinies may be considered fairly typical of the conditions that probably prevail throughout the country. Mr. McLean also found that about one-half of the accidents were sustained by men under forty years of age — picked men in the very prime of life, and that the other half is sustained by unskilled men—laborers, truck-drivers, longshoremen, and the like. Eliminating those whose earning power need not necessarily have been reduced by amputation of fingers or toes, we have a total of 421, or about 57 per cent. of the total of 736 cases.

In endeavoring to ascertain what succor was received by the crippled, Mr. McLean was obliged to limit himself to two hundred and twenty-three cases, for reasons that need not be stated here. Of these two hundred and twenty-three cases, only forty-seven were aided. For temporary injuries the settlements were usually fair, full wages being paid during the period of disability in many cases, generally by liability companies. When more serious harm was sustained, Mr. McLean unearthed the following incongruous settlements: Spine injured, $20 and doctor; legs broken, $300; leg amputated, $100; fingers amputated, $150; fingers amputated, $50; death, $300; death, $100; death, $65; death, $500; death, funeral expenses; death, $50; 3 ribs broken, $20; paralysis, $12; brain affected, $60; crushed foot, temporary, $50.

Some of the two hundred and twenty-three endeavored to bring their employers to book in the courts. In sixteen cases there seemed a fair chance of winning the action for damages; in two there was no hope of recovery; in four the suit was lost; and in two cases judgment was obtained for three hundred dollars and two hundred dollars respectively. In the three-hundred-dollar case the employer appealed; in the two-hundred-dollar case the lawyer took half for his fee.

The legal remedy is exceedingly inefficient, because the courts are still governed either by old common-law principles or by statutes passed so long ago that they no longer meet present conditions. Mr. McLean cites one case in which a man, assigned to make some repairs in a passageway two and a half feet wide between a large fly-wheel and another piece of machinery, was caught by the fly-wheel and killed. The proof was positive that the fly-wheel was not protected, for after the accident a guard rail was placed around it. Because there were no witnesses, and because the man by dying destroyed his own evidence, the widow was advised by counsel engaged for her by a philanthropic society to accept a settlement of two hundred dollars that was offered by a liability company. This, because the man might, in that narrow space, have been a little careless in stepping an inch or two back toward the wheel. The liability company was more generous than a court would have been.

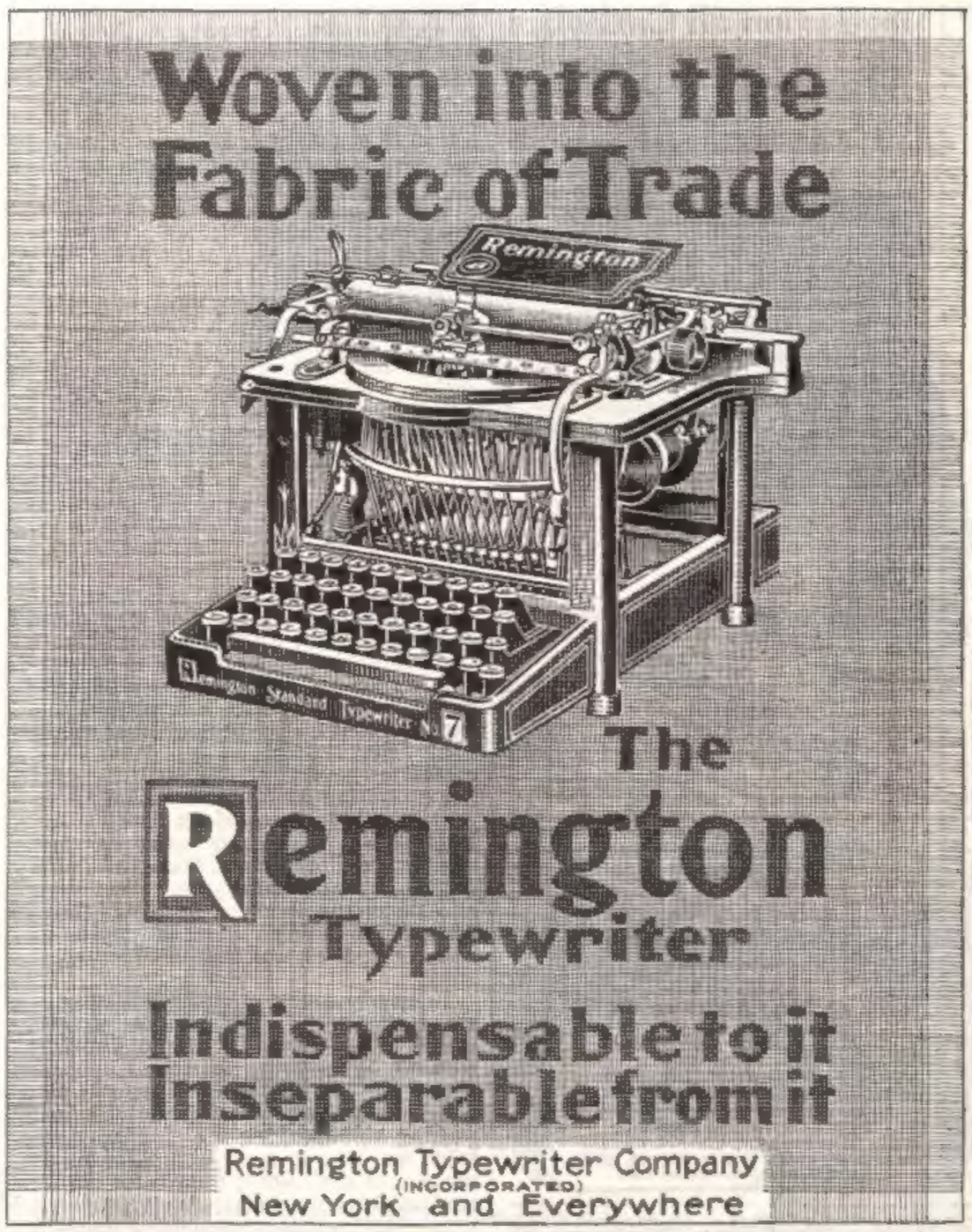
Sadder even than this is a case which came to the notice of Mr. Arthur B. Reeve during his investigation for the Charity Organization Society of New York. An electric shock delivered by a live wire was the cause of the accident. The victim's heart was affected, his nerves shattered, his eyesight all but destroyed, and his neck twisted. Because he had not worked full time on the day of the accident he was paid for only seven hours. An action brought against the company responsible for his injuries resulted in a verdict of two thousand dollars in his favor. His lawyer pocketed one thousand dollars and witnesses received one hundred dollars. All he received for his blasted life was nine hundred dollars. In a short time he was a charge on charity.

Custom the Only Check on Employers

Inadequate as the legal remedy may be, the annoyance and expense of actions at law have prompted many mill owners to throw their burdens on liability companies for a price. Since the companies that sell legal immunity by assuming all responsibility are concerned wholly with the unemotional business side of accidents, and since the premiums paid are based upon such accidents as the employer is legally liable for, pity or philanthropy plays but a small part in settlements. As the law in most States now stands, the employer is bound merely to furnish a proper place for his operatives to work in and proper tools to work with. Negligence on his part is determined by what is considered lack of reasonable care in his particular industry. Machines for his use may be sold in the open market, machines so constructed that they cannot possibly harm an attendant. The employer is not obliged to buy such apparatus. If the appliances in his shop are those commonly used in his trade, he is not held to be negligent. He is constrained to follow custom only.

On the other hand, the employee must assume what are considered the ordinary risks of his calling. His employer may be grossly negligent; yet the employee has no remedy at law if he himself has been in the slightest degree careless. Moreover, if he is injured through the negligence of a fellow-servant he has no standing in court. The liability company ascertains, therefore, if the employer is alone responsible. If he is, a settlement is made, usually on a fair basis; if not, it stands ready to fight. When it pays it settles on the same principle that prompts a shrewd merchant to buy as cheaply as possible. It cares nothing for the employee as a man. The employer may be a selfish oppressor, criminally negligent; but if one of his men has been ever so slightly careless, the liability company will refuse to pay, knowing that the courts, on the plea of being unable to weigh the two degrees of negligence, will uphold it.

Fortunately, this sordid picture has another aspect. Some of the larger manufacturing companies, more philanthropically inclined than others, have devised systems of self-insurance, which may be



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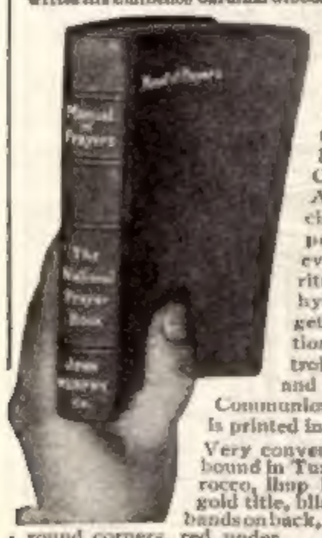

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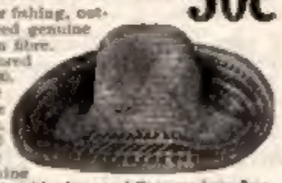

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regarded as harbingers of future conditions. A manufacturing company of New York and St. Louis, for example, has a clean and businesslike accident insurance system which seems to be fair and merciful. Immediate medical attendance is given when injury is sustained or sickness occurs, and half-time wages allowed. If the disability is permanent, an income for life is paid. As a cold-blooded business experiment the system has proved a success; for the additional cost has been more than earned through increased regularity of attendance.

That the community must support the victims of indifference is demonstrated by Mr. McLean's study of forty-nine families thrown on the mercy of charitable organizations. The forty-nine families entailed an expenditure of $2646.85. In addition, there were one hundred and eleven persons treated in hospitals, fifty-three blind men and women who had to be cared for, and twenty insane who were intrusted to the State hospitals. Saddest of all is the marked deterioration of the families themselves as the result of these accidents.

Abroad a campaign of reform is under way. France took the first step toward security in 1867, when the Association for the Prevention of Accidents was formed, and a Museum of Security established in which were exhibited safety devices of various kinds for the protection of machinery. That institution has served as a model for several of the same character. An exposition for the prevention of accidents to laborers was held in Berlin in 1899. Prompted by this German example, Vienna established a permanent museum of safety devices in the following year. The museum at Amsterdam followed in 1893; that of Moscow in 1897; those of Berlin and Munich in 1900, and that of Stockholm in 1905.

In nearly every case these institutions are stocked with "live" exhibits. In other words, they teach by the object-lesson method, by showing in actual operation protective devices such as safety water gauges for boilers; devices for automatically making and breaking the circuits of electrical machinery; contrivances for the prevention of explosions; guards for grinding and polishing machines; safety devices for looms, leather and paper cutting machines, besides a host of other inventions for the preservation of life and limb. Lectures are given on accident prevention and industrial hygiene.

In New York the American Museum of Safety Devices has recently been established with Dr. Josiah Strong at its head. It is the purpose of this, the first American museum, to lay before our State legislators the importance of a strict accounting of all accidents, the study of foreign laws by which industries are regulated, and the history and effects of such legislation and its value. In addition it teaches by actual machinery the proper way to safeguard a wage-earner in his calling. If we cannot entirely prevent the slaughter of skilled working-men, we can, at least, reduce our accident rate to that of European countries, and thereby save tens of thousands of lives every year.

After prevention comes something like the humane and proper disposition of the men who are crippled in our industrial battles despite all precautions. A workman is at least as good as the machine which he serves. If a manufacturer has the unquestioned economic right to charge to the cost of production the wear and tear on apparatus, why should he not also charge for the wear and tear on his employees? Instead of casting a crippled factory hand out of his mill and leaving him to the care of the community at large, the cost of his disability or death ought to be paid for in the price of the product made by his hands. Something like this will ultimately take place, and with it an enormous expansion of the business of insurance.

Let it not be imagined that this statistical necrology includes all the victims of our industrial Juggernaut. Disease contracted in an occupation probably wreaks as much havoc as cutting machinery. Not even a rash guess at the mortality can be ventured, so meagre is the information available. Letters which I sent to all the Unions comprising the American Federation of Labor brought forth responses that display no lively interest in bettering the environment of workers, although in many replies it was stated that the conditions in indoor trades were often horrible. Summed up, it may be said that in the midst of life we are surrounded with industrial death.

Theodore Roosevelt to Peirce graduates:

"So, to you here to-night, to you especially that are graduating, who are about to go forth in the world, remember these two points: remember that you are bound to do more for the state, more for your brothers who are less efficient than you are, than you would be bound to do if you had not received the special and exceptional advantage you have received in the way of training."—*Excerpt from his address on Commencement night.*

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Don't be content to remain on the firing line. Aspire to a position of leadership. Fit yourself to handle subordinates, to know what to do in an emergency—to command. That's what

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Peirce School is a business school whose course of study combines a general education with a technical training in commercial subjects. Its classes are carefully graded, and adapted to graduates of colleges and preparatory schools as well as those who have had but a grammar school education. Its courses require from six months to two years, depending upon the preparation and the ability of the student.

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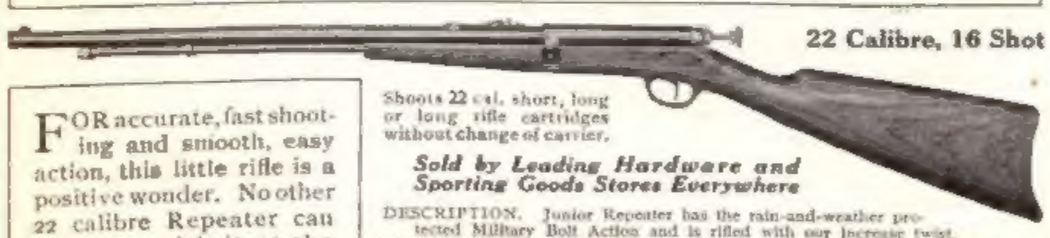

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Sherlock Holmes is Coming Back

TWO more "reminiscences" by Dr. Watson of the Great Detective are to see the light. The first one is entitled "The Singular Experience of Mr. J. Scott Eccles." It will appear in COLLIER'S for August 15th, which will be a "SHERLOCK HOLMES" Number. There will be an intimate sketch of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, of his old teacher, Professor Bell of Edinburgh, who was the original of the Great Detective, and many anecdotes and illustrations of the unique place in literature and on the stage achieved by "the greatest character in fiction since *Monsieur Dupin*."

Here is what Collier's Fiction Editor wrote:

"I think I can safely say that it is one of the most remarkable detective stories of modern times. Not only is the plot novel, but the author brings to this tale all of the atmosphere of mystery and the extraordinary character drawing which long ago made him famous. I consider the story a great asset for any periodical. It is one of those cases where an author wins success along a certain line, creates a band of imitators, drops out for a time, and then comes back as if to show just how good he really was."

Collier's

The National Weekly

Sherlock Holmes Number—August 15th

1 2 3 4 5 6

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